The Young New Yorker.

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THE CARIBOU HUNTERS.

The Caribou.

THERE has been considerable dispute of late years among naturalists as to the identity of the subject of our picture—the American Caribou—with the Reindeer of Lapland.

The question seems to have been settled, however, by the testimony of Judge Caton, of Illinois, a rich and enterprising naturalist, who has made a specialty of studying all our American deer, with a view of finding out their affinities with the deer of the old world. Judge Caton, in his recent work, "The Antelope and Deer of America," gives the result of some forty years of patient study of these animals. Being a man of means, he has been able to keep a large deer park, in which he has had every species of American deer; and he has paid visits to Europe with the express object of identifying the representatives of the family in the old world.

Judge Caton's testimony is very full, and shows that the Reindeer of Lapland and the Caribou of Maine and Labrador are really one and the same species, modified only by residence in different climates. The appearance of the animals is very similar and their anatomical structure identical. There is no evidence, however, to prove that the Caribou had ever been broken to harness on this continent by any of the Indian tribes, before the advent of Europeans, and the only instances on record since that period have been as a matter of amusement.

The Caribou is found in herds, varying from ten or twelve to many hundreds, in British America, while a few can be met with in the winter at the extreme north of Maine.

There are two distinct varieties, differing in size, and known as the Woodland and Barren Ground Caribou. The latter is only found in the extreme recesses of the Hudson's Bay Territory and on the shores of the Frozen Ocean.

The subject of our picture is the Woodland Caribou, the staple game for the Indians of Labrador, where it is as plentiful as it is scarce elsewhere. Professor Hind, of Toronto, gives the following animated story of an Indian Caribou hunt, as told by the Indian himself. His name was Michel. The professor says:

"It appeared that last winter Michel and two of his cousins had been stationed near Caribou Lake by Domenique to watch for Caribou, and prevent them from taking a certain path over precipitous rocks which they were known to frequent, and over which the hunter could not follow them swiftly enough when only a little snow was on the ground. The object of the hunter was to drive the Caribou through a favorable pass, which would make the death of some of them a matter of certainty. Michel, when we first saw him on the mound, was mentally reviewing the incidents of that day's hunt, and indicating with the undulatory motion of his hand the direction the Caribou had taken. The story which he was telling related to a singular incident which happened to himself. He had been watching for some hours with his companion, when they heard the clatter of hoofs over the rocks. Looking in the direction from which they least expected Caribou would come, they saw two Caribou pursued by a small band of wolves, making directly for the spot where they were lying. They were not more than 300 yards away, but coming with tremendous bounds, and fast increasing the distance between themselves and the wolves, who had evidently surprised them only a short time before. Neither Michel nor his companion had fire-arms, but each was provided with his bow and arrows. The deer came on; the Indians lay in the snow ready to shoot. The unsuspecting animals darted past the hunters like the wind, but each received an arrow, and one dropped. Instantly taking a fresh arrow they waited for the wolves. With a long and steady gallop these ravenous creatures followed their prey, but when they came within ten yards of the Indians, the latter suddenly rose, each discharged an arrow at the amazed brutes, and succeeded in transfixing one with a second arrow before it got out of reach. Leaving the wolves, they hastened after the Caribou. 'There,' said Louis, 'quite close to that steep rock, the Caribou which Michel had shot was dead: he had hit it in the eye, and it could not go far. Michel stopped to guard his Caribou, as the wolves were about; one of his cousins went after the deer he had hit, the other went back after the wolves which had been wounded. The wolf-cousin had not gone far back when he heard a loud yelling and howling. He knew what the wolves were at; they had turned upon their wounded companion, and were quarreling over the meal. The Indian ran on, and came quite close to the wolves, who made so much noise, and were so greedily devouring the first he had shot, that he approached quite close to them and shot another, killing it at once. The Caribou-cousin had to go a long distance before he got his deer.'"

One peculiarity about the Caribou, which it possesses in common with the Lapland Reindeer, and which distinguishes it from all other animals of the deer kind, is that the females have *antlers*. They are small, it is true, but are none the less antlers. The dead Caribou in our picture is a female, as these small antlers denote, for were it a buck, it would have very large and spreading branches palmated at the tips.

The two hunters in our picture appear to be enjoying themselves after their day's chase over a pot of hot coffee by the camp-fire; and we can assure our readers that this coffee, though unprovided with cream and made in a tin mug, tastes better to the young fellow in the center than any that Delmonico ever supplied.

This young man is evidently used to Canadian woods, as well as the old *coureur du bois* who sits opposite, for no greenhorn would be out there on snow-shoes, such as those that rest against the tree behind him. He would be laid up in the first half-day's tramp with swelled ankles—"*mal de raquette*" as the French Canadians call it. Both he and the guide are provided with the latest breech-loading rifles, and look as if they knew how to use them. After their cup of coffee they will probably set up a bark or branch shelter against the wind, and sleep with their feet to the fire in spite of the snow, as soundly as any of our readers in their snug beds.

It is surprising, indeed, to those brought up in the midst of civilization, to note under what circumstances human beings can pass comfortable nights. The presence of snow and cold does not deter an old hunter from his camp, while spruce boughs are plenty; and dry wood can be cut out of the heart of a tree even when the bark is soaking wet. Of one thing our readers can be sure that the men in our picture are enjoying themselves hugely, and there let us leave them.

THE YOUNG TRAMP.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Hello, thar, stranger! Whar yer from?
Come in and make yerself ter hum!
We're common folks, ain't much on style;
Come in and stop a little while;
'Twon't do no harm ter rest yer some.

Youngster, yer pale, and don't look well!
What, way from Bosting? Naow, dew tell!
Why, that's a hundred mile or so;
What started yer I'd like ter know
On sich a tramp; got goods ter sell?

No home, no friends! Naow that's too bad!
Wall, cheer up, boy, and don't be sad—
Wife, see what yer can find to eat,
And put the coffee on ter heat—
We'll fix yer up all right, my lad.

Willing ter work, can't get a job,
And not a penny in yer fob?
Wall, naow, that's rough, I dew declare!
What, tears? Come, youngster, I can't bear
Ter see yer take on so, and sob.

How came yer so bad off, my son?
Father was killed! 'sho'! whar? Bull Run?
Why, I was in that scrimmage, lad,
And got used up, too, pretty bad;
I sha'n't forgit old 'sixty-one!

So yer were left in Bosting, hey?
A baby when he went away—
Those Bosting boys were plucky, wife,
Yer know one of 'em saved my life
Else I would not be here to-day.

'Twas when the "Black Horse Cavalcade"
Swept down on our small brigade,
I got the shot that made me lame,
When down on me a trooper came.
And this 'ere chap struck up his blade.

Poor feller! He was stricken dead;
The trooper's saber cleaved his head.
Joe Billings was my comrade's name,
He was a Bosting boy, and game!
I almost wished I'd died, instead.

Why, lad! what makes yer tremble so?
Your father! what, my comrade, Joe?
And you his son? Come ter my heart!
My home is yours; I'll try, in part,
To pay his boy the debt I owe.

Gaspar, the Gaucho:

OR,

LOST ON THE PAMPAS.

A TALE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN," "THE SCALP-HUNTERS," "AFLOAT IN THE FOREST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A COUNTERFEIT CRANE.

GASPAR allows no time to be lost, but instantly commences taking measures for the *garzoneando*—whatever that may be. As yet neither of his young companions has been told what it is, though they soon begin to have a guess.

While they stand watching, they see him once more plunge his hand into those capacious saddle-bags, where for a time it rummages about. When drawn out again, it is seen to grasp a folded bundle of soft goods, which, on being shaken open, shows to be a shirt. No common cotton thing, however, but an affair of the finest linen, snow white, with an embroidered bosom and ruffles; in short, his gala shirt, such as are worn by gauchos when they appear at *fiestas* and *fandangoes*.

"A pity to use my best *camisa* for such a purpose," he observes, while in the act of unfolding it. "Still it won't likely get much damage; and a wash, with a bit of starch, will set it all right again."

Then turning to Cypriano, he adds: "Now, señorito, be good enough to strip off everything, and draw this over your shoulders.

Without a word of protest, or objection, the young Paraguayan does as requested, and is soon inside the holiday shirt; his own having been laid aside, as also his *jaqueta*, *calzoneras* and every other article of dress worn by him.

Meanwhile, Gaspar has been engaged getting read several other things for the change of costume intended; one of these being a silk handkerchief of a bright scarlet color, also taken out of the inexhaustible *alparejas*. This he ties about Cypriano's neck, not as an ordinary cravat, but loosely folded, so as to expose a breadth of several inches all round.

The gaucho's next move is to snatch from off the fire one of the fagots still only half consumed; from which with his knife he scrapes the red coal, leaving the surface black, at the same time paring the stick to a sharp point. With some wet gunpowder he further blackens it; then placing the thick end against Cypriano's forehead, he binds it fast with a piece of rawhide thong, the last carried around and firmly knotted at the back of the neck.

A few more touches and the toilet is complete; transforming Cypriano into what, at a distance, might be supposed a soldier-crane! At all events, the ostriches will so suppose him, as Gaspar knows, for he is but copying a scheme often practiced by South American Indians for the capture of these shy birds.

"*Muy bien!*" he exclaims, as he stands contemplating his finished task. "By my word, *muchacho mio*, you look the character to perfection. And if you act it cleverly, as I know you can and will, we'll make breakfast on something better than beans. Now, señorito, you're in costume to go *garzoneando*."

Long ere this, Cypriano has come to comprehend what is required of him, and is quite eager to have a try at the ruse so cunningly contrived. Declaring himself ready to start out, it but remains to be decided what weapon he ought to take with him. For they have the three kinds —gun, *bolas* and *lazo*; and in the use of the two last he is almost as skilled as the gaucho himself.

"The gun might be the readiest and surest," remarks Gaspar; "and it will be as well to have one with you, in case of your not getting a good chance to cast either of the others. But just now the less noise that's made the better. Who knows but that some of these traitorous redskins may be still straggling about? Hearing shots they'd be sure to come up to us, which we don't want, though ever so much wishing to come up with them. Therefore, I say, use either the balls or the rope."

"All the same to me," observes the young Paraguayan. Which do you think the better?"

"The *bolas*, decidedly. I've known the *lazo* slip over an ostrich's head, after the noose had been round its neck. But once the cord of the *bolas* gets a turn round the creature's shanks, it'll go to grass without making another stride. Take this set of mine. As you see, they're best *boliadores*, and you can throw them with surer aim."

The weapon which the gaucho hands to him differs from the ordinary *bolas*, in having a longer stretch of cord between the balls; but Cypriano is himself as well acquainted with this kind as with the other, and can cast them as skillfully.

Taking hold of the weapon, along with his double-barreled gun, and concealing both as he best can under the gaucho's shirt, he starts off upon the stalk; for he now knows what he has to do, without any further instruction from Gaspar. It is simply a question of getting near enough to one of the birds to make capture of it with the *boliadores*; or, failing this, bring it down with a bullet—one barrel of his gun being loaded with ball.

As he goes off, Gaspar and Ludwig looking after him can see that his chances of success are good. For by this the *rheas* have pretty well recovered from their scare, and are again tranquilly striding about. Moreover, they have moved somewhat nearer to the bank of the *riacho*, where a bordering of leafy evergreens offers to the stalker cover of the best kind. Taking advantage of it, he, in the guise of a *garzon*, steps briskly on, and steals in among the bushes. There he is for a time unseen, either by those watching him from the summit of the knoll, or the creatures being stalked. The latter have already noticed the counterfeit, but without showing any signs of fear; no doubt supposing it to be what it pretends—a bird as themselves, with neck and legs as long as their own. But no enemy; for often have they passed over that same plain, and fed in a friendly way alongside soldier-cranes—scores of them. Even when this solitary specimen again appears by the skirting of the scrub within less than twenty paces of them, they do not seem at all alarmed, though possibly a little surprised at its being there all alone.

Nor do they make any attempt to stir from the spot, till a movement on the part of the *garzon*, with some gestures that seem odd to them, excite their suspicions afresh; then raising their heads, and craning out their long necks, they regard it with wondering glances. Only for an instant; when seeming at last to apprehend danger, the birds utter a hiss, as if about to beat a retreat.

For one of them it is too late, the cock which chances to be nearest the bushes, and who before he can lift a leg feels both embraced by something which lashes them tightly together, while at the same time something else hits him a hard heavy blow, bowling him over upon the grass, where he lies stunned and senseless.

"*Bueno! Bravo!*" simultaneously shout Gaspar and Ludwig, the two together rushing down from the hillock, and on for the prostrate *rhea*; while the counterfeit crane comes forth from the bushes to meet them, as he draws near, saying:

"I could have shot the hen, but for what you said, Gaspar, about making a noise."

"No matter for the hen," rejoins the gaucho. "We don't want her just now. This beauty will not only give us enough meat for breakfast, but provide dinners and suppers for at least a couple of days to come."

So saying, he draws his knife across the *rhea's* throat, to make sure before releasing its legs from the thong. After which the *boliadores* are detached; and the huge carcass, almost as heavy as that of a fatted calf, is carried in triumph to the camp.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE AVESTRUZ.

SOON after the trio of trackers have re-entered the *algarobia* grove, a frizzling, sputtering noise is heard therein; while an appetizing odor spreads all around, borne afar on the balmy breeze of the morning. Both the sound and the smell proceed from some choice tidbits which Gaspar has taken from the body of the great bird—chiefly slices from the thigh-bone and breast.

By the time Cypriano has doffed the masquerading dress, and resumed his proper traveling costume, the cooking is done, and breakfast declared ready.

While eating it, by way of accompaniment, they naturally converse about the bird. Not the particular one which exclusively forms their repast, but of ostriches in general, and more especially those of South America commonly called *rheas*; though to the gauchos better known by the name *avestruz*.

Both the boys are pretty well acquainted with these birds and their habits; Cypriano having several times taken part in their chase; while Ludwig best knows them in a scientific sense. Still there are many of their ways, and strange ones, of which neither one nor the other has ever heard, but that Gaspar has been witness to with his own eyes. It is the gaucho, therefore, who imparts most of the information, the others being little more than listeners.

"Though the thing isn't generally known," he says, "there are several distinct kinds of *avestruz* in different parts of the country. Of myself I've seen three. First, a very small sort, not much bigger than a turkey cock. It's darker colored than the kind we're eating, with shorter legs and feathered further down. It don't lay so many eggs either; but, strange to say, they are almost as big as those of the other sort, only differently shaped, and with a tinge of blue on the shell. It, I saw when I once went on an expedition with the Buenos Ayres army down south to the plains of Patagonia. There the climate is much colder than up here, and the *avestruz petise*, as the bird's called, seems to like that best; since it's never seen on the warm pampas further north. On the other hand, the sort we have here, which is the biggest of all, never strays down to these very cold districts, but goes all over the *Chaco* country, where it's hottest. The third kind I've seen is in bulk about midways between the two; but it's a very rare bird, and I believe not known to the learned *naturalistas*. Isn't that so, Señor Ludwig?"

"Indeed, yes. I never heard of a third species, though father has told me of the *avestruz petise*; which, as you say, is only found far south, ranging from the Rio Negro to the Straits of Magellan."

"Well," continues Gaspar, resuming his account, "I'm sure of there being three sorts; though I don't know much about the other two, only this we've met here. Of them I ought to know a good deal, having hunted them as often as there are days in the year. One thing there's been no end of disputation about; and that is whether several hens lay their eggs in the same nest. Now, I can say for certain they do. I've seen several go to the same nest, one after the other, and on the same day too. What should take them there if not to lay their eggs? True, they drop them about everywhere, in a very loose, careless way; as can be told by their being seen scattered all over the *campo*, and far from any nest. What this is for I can't myself tell; though I've heard some gauchos say that these stray eggs—*huachos* we call them—are laid here and there for the young birds to feed upon. But that can't be so, since the *huachos* are never found pecked or broken, but always whole, whether they be fresh or addled. I think it's more likely that the hens drop these stray eggs because they have no nest in which to put them; that where they have laid their others being already full. Besides, there is the cock sitting upon it; who won't let any of them come near, once he has taken to hatching."

"Is it true, then, that the cock does the hatching?" interrogates Ludwig.

"Quite true—all of it; and he's got a good many eggs to cover. I've counted over fifty in one nest. That of itself shows no single hen could have layed them; for, as it would take her a long time, the first ones would be rotten before the last came. As for the cock when sitting, he's as cross as an old duck doing the same, but ten times more dangerous to go near. I've known of a gaucho getting a kick from one he'd started from off the nest, almost as hard as if it had been given by a mule. And to hear them hiss then! Ah! that was nothing we've just heard from this fellow."

"Is it true they can swim, Gaspar?" again questions Ludwig.

"Like swans. No, I'm wrong there, for nothing can be more unlike. So far as the swimming goes, the *avestruz* can do it, but in quite a different way from swans. They swim with their bodies under water, and only their shoulders, with the head and neck, above. It's a funny sight to see a flock of them crossing one of the big rivers; and scores of times I've been eye-witness to that bit of comicality. *Caramba!* a curious bird, the *avestruz* is altogether, and a useful one, as we've now good reason to know. So, *señoritos*, let us be thankful to Providence that there's such a plenty of them on these *pampas*, and, above all, for so guiding the steps of this fine specimen, as to place it so directly and opportunely in our way."

The discourse about ostriches is brought to a close with the breakfast upon that which had led to it; both, along with the incident of the bird's capture, having occupied little more time than is here taken in telling of them. So little, indeed, that the sun's disk is not yet all above the horizon, when, having completed the repast, the trackers start up from their seats around the fire, and proceed to caparisoning their animals.

Nor do they spend many moments at this. Ever mindful of what has brought them thither —no mere excursion for pleasure's sake, but an expedition forced upon them through sad, painful necessity—they waste not a second that can be saved. Quickly, therefore, their horses are got under saddle, and bridled, with every article of their *impedimenta* fixed and fastened in its respective place, besides, something on the croup of Ludwig's *recado*, which was not hitherto there. Where the lost traps had been carried, are now seen the two thigh-bones of the cock ostrich, with most of the flesh still adhering, each as large as a leg of mutton. There is a heart, liver, and gizzard also stowed away in a wrap of the *vihao*, or wild plantain leaves, which, tied in a secure packet, dangles alongside; the whole, as Gaspar declared, enough to keep them provisioned for at least a couple of days.

But although everything seems in readiness, they are not yet prepared to take a final departure from the place. A matter remains to be determined, and one of the utmost importance —being no less than the direction in which they should go. They have thought of it the night before, but not till darkness had come down upon them. Still unrecovered from the excitement consequent on the attack of the *gymnoti*, and afterward occupied in drying their wet garments, with other cares of the occasion, even Gaspar had failed during daylight to examine the nether side of the ford at its outcoming, where he supposed he might hit upon the trail they were in search of. It was not because he had forgotten it, but that, knowing they would stay there all night, he also knew the tracks, if any, would keep till the morning.

Morning having arrived, from earliest daybreak and before, as is known, they have been otherwise occupied; and only now, at the moment of moving off, do they find time to look for that which must decide their future course and the route they are to take.

With a parting glance at the place of bivouac, and each leading his own horse, they move out of the *algarobia* grove, and on down to the edge of the *riacho*, stopping at the spot where they came across.

But not a moment spend they there, in the search for hoof-marks other than those of their own horses. They see others soon as arrived at the stream's edge; scores of them, and made by the same animals they have been all along tracking. Not much in this it might appear; since, unfortunately, these hoof-marks can be distinguished no further than to the summit of the sloping bank. Beyond they are covered up, as elsewhere, by the mud. But Gaspar's keen eye is not to be thus baffled; and a joyful ejaculation escaping his lips, tells that he has discovered something which gives him gladness. On Cypriano asking what it is, he makes answer:

"Just what we're wanting to find out; the route the red-skins have taken after parting from this place. Thanks to the Virgin, I know the way they went now, as well as if I'd been along with them."

"How do you know that?" questions Cypriano, who, with Ludwig, had been examining the Indian trail down by the water's edge—apart from the gaucho, who had followed it up to the summit of the slope.

"Come hither!" he calls out. "Look there!" he adds, as they get beside him. "You see that these tracks have the toes all turned downstream; which tells me the horses did the same, and, I should say, also their riders. Yes! Soon as out of the water they turned down; proof good as positive that they've gone along the *riacho* this side, and back again to the big river. So it's no use our delaying longer here; there's nothing further to be learnt, or gained by it."

So says Gaspar; but Cypriano, and also Ludwig, think otherwise. Both have a wish—indeed, an earnest desire—once more to look upon the tracks of the pony on which they know Francesca to have been mounted. And communicating this to the gaucho, he holds their horses while they return to search for them.

To their satisfaction they again beheld the diminutive hoof-marks; two or three of which have escaped being trampled out by the horses that came behind. And after regarding them for a time with sad glances, Ludwig turns away sighing, while his cousin gives utterance to what more resembles a curse, accompanied by words breathing vengeance against the abductors.

Rejoining the gaucho, all three mount into their saddles; and, without further dallying, ride off down the *riacho*, to make back for the main river.

But, again upon the latter's bank, they find the trail blind as before, with nothing to guide them, save the stream itself. To the gaucho, however, this seems sufficient, and turning his horse's head upward, he cries out:

"Now, *muchachos mios!* we must on to the *salitral!*"

And on for this they ride; to reach the point where it commences, just as the sun's lower limb touches, seeming to rest on, the level line of the horizon.

And now, having arrived on the edge of the *salitral*, they make halt, still keeping to their saddles, with eyes bent over the waste which stretches far beyond and before them. Greater than ever is the gloom in their looks as they behold the sterile tract, which should have shown snow-white, all black and forbidding. For the *salitral*, as all the rest of the *campo*, is covered with a stratum of mud, and the *travesia* across it has been altogether obliterated.

Gaspar only knows the place where it begins; this by the bank of the river which there also commences its curve, turning abruptly off to the south. He thinks the route across the *salitral* is due westward, but he is not sure. And there is no sign of road now, not a trace to indicate the direction. Looking west, with the sun's disk right before their faces, they see nothing but the brown, bald expanse, treeless as cheerless, with neither break nor bush, stick nor stone, to relieve the monotony of its surface, or serve as a land-mark for the traveler. And the same thing both to the right and left, far as their eyes can reach; for here the river, after turning off, has no longer a skirting of trees; its bank beyond being a low-lying saline marsh—in short, a part of the *salitral*. To ride out upon that wilderness waste, to all appearance endless, with any chance or hope of finding the way across it, would be like embarking in an open boat, and steering straight for the ocean.

Not on that night, anyhow, do they intend making the attempt, as the darkness will soon be down upon them. So dismounting from their horses, they set about establishing a camp.

But when established they take little delight in its occupation. Now more than ever are they doubtful and dejected; thinking of that terrible *travesia*, of which all traces are lost, and none may be found beyond. To Cypriano no night since their starting out seemed so long as this.

Little dream they, while seated around their camp-fire, or lying sleepless alongside it, that the tract of country they so much dread entering upon, will, in a few hours' time, prove their best friend. Instead of sending them further astray it will put them once more on the lost trail, with no longer a likelihood of their again losing it.

Unaware of this good fortune before them, they seek rest with feelings of the utmost despondency, and find sleep only in short snatches.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON THE SALITRAL.

NEXT morning the trackers are up at an early hour—the earlier because of their increased anxiety—and after breakfasting on broiled ostrich leg, make ready to recommence their journey.

Nolens volens, they must embark upon that brown, limitless expanse, which looks unattractive in the light of the rising sun as it did under that of the setting.

In their saddles, and gazing over it before setting out, Gaspar says:

"*Hijos mios*; we can't do better than head due westward. That will bring us out of the *salitral*, somewhere. Luckily there's a sun in the sky to hold us to a straight course. If we hadn't that for a guide, we might go zig-zagging all about, and be obliged to spend a night amidst the saltpeter; perhaps three or four of them. To do so would be to risk our lives; possibly lose them. The thirst of itself would kill us, for there's never drinkable water in a *salitral*. However, with the sun behind our backs, and we'll take care to keep it so, there won't be much danger of our getting bewildered. We must make haste though. Once it mounts above our heads, I defy Old Nick himself to tell east from west. So let's put on the best speed we can take out of the legs of our animals."

With this admonition, and a word to his horse, the gaucho goes off at a gallop; the others starting simultaneously at the same pace, and all three riding side by side. For on the smooth, open surface of the *salitral* there is no need for traveling single file. Over it a thousand horsemen—or ten thousand for that matter—might march abreast, with wide spaces between.

Proceeding onward, they leave behind them three distinct traces of a somewhat rare and original kind—the reverse of what would be made by travelers passing over ground thinly covered with snow, where the trail would be darker than the surrounding surface. Theirs, on the contrary, is lighter colored—in point of fact, quite white, from the saltpeter tossed to the top by the hoofs of their galloping horses.

The gaucho every now and then casts a glance over his shoulder, to assure himself of the sun's disk being true behind their backs; and in this manner they press on, still keeping up the pace at which they had started.

They have made something more than ten miles from the point where they entered upon the *salitral*; and Gaspar begins to look inquiringly ahead, in the hope of sighting a tree, ridge, rock, or other landmark to tell where the *travesia* terminates. His attention thus occupied, he for awhile forgets what has hitherto been engaging it—the position of the sun.

And when next he turns to observe the great luminary, it is only to see that it is no longer there—at least no longer visible. A mass of dark cloud has drifted across its disk, completely obscuring it. In fact, it was the sudden darkening of the sky, and, as a consequence, the shadow coming over the plain before his face, which prompted him to turn round—recalling the necessity of caution as to their course.

"*Santos Dios!*" he cries out, his own brow becoming shadowed as the sky; "our luck has left us; and—"

"And what?" asks Cypriano, seeing that the gaucho hesitates, as if reluctant to say why fortune has so suddenly forsaken them. "There's a cloud come over the sun; has that anything to do with it?"

"Everything, señorito. If that cloud don't pass off again we're as good as lost. And," he adds, with eyes still turned to the east, his glance showing him to feel the gravest apprehension, "I am pretty sure it won't pass off—for the rest of this day at all events. *Mira!* It's moving along the horizon—still rising up and spreading out!"

The others also perceive this, they too having halted, and faced to eastward.

"*Santissima!*" continues the gaucho in the same serious tone, "*we're lost as it is now!*"

"But how lost?" inquires Ludwig, who with his more limited experience of pampas life, is puzzled to understand what the gaucho means. "In what way?"

"Just because there's *no way*. That's the very thing we've lost, señorito. Look around! Now, can you tell east from west, or north from south? No, not a single point of the compass. If we only knew one, that would be enough. But we don't, and, therefore, as I've said, we're lost—dead, downright lost; and, for anything beyond this, we'll have to go a-groping. At a crawl, too, like three blind cats."

"Nothing of the sort!" breaks in Cypriano, who, a little apart from the other two, has been for the last few seconds to all appearance holding communion with himself. "Nothing of the sort," he repeats, riding toward them with a cheerful expression. "We'll neither need to go groping, Gaspar, nor yet at a crawl. Possibly, we may have to slacken the pace a bit; but that's all."

Both Ludwig and the gaucho, but especially the latter, sit regarding him with puzzled looks. For what can he mean? Certainly something which promises to release them from their dilemma, as can be told by his smiling countenance and confident bearing. In fine, he is asked to explain himself, and answering, says:

"Look back along our trail. Don't you see that it runs straight?"

"We do," replies Gaspar, speaking for both. "In a dead right line, thank the sun for that; and I only wish we could have had it to direct us a little longer, instead of leaving us in the lurch as it has done. But go on, señorito! I oughtn't to have interrupted you."

"Well," proceeds the young Paraguayan, "there's no reason why we shouldn't still travel in that same right line—since we can."

"Ha!" ejaculates the gaucho, who has now caught the other's meaning, "I see the whole thing. Bravo, Señor Cypriano! You've beaten me in the craft of the pampas. But I'm not jealous—no. Only proud to think my own pupil has shown himself worthy of his teacher. *Gracias á Dios!*"

During all this dialogue, Ludwig is silent, seated in his saddle, a very picture of astonishment, alike, wondering at what his cousin can mean, and the burst of joyous enthusiasm it has elicited from the gaucho's lips. His wonder is brought to an end, however, by Cypriano turning round to him, and giving the explanation in detail.

"Don't you see, *sobrino mio*, that one of us can stay by the end of the trail we've already made, or two for that matter, while the third rides forward? The others can call after to keep him in a straight line and to the course. The three of us following one another, and the last giving the directions from our trail behind, we can't possibly go astray. Thanks to that white stuff, our back-tracks can be seen without difficulty, and to a sufficient distance for our purpose."

Long before Cypriano had reached the end of his explanatory discourse, Ludwig, of quick wit too, catches his meaning, and, with an enthusiasm equaling that of the gaucho, cries out:

"*Viva, sobrino mio!* You're a genius!"

Not a moment more is lost or spent upon that spot; Ludwig being the one chosen to lead off, the gaucho following, with a long space between them, while the rear is brought up by Cypriano himself; who, for this go, and not Gaspar, acts as guide and director.

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN NO. 1.]

DRIFTING.

Fair head against my heart,
  White hands held fast in mine,
Sweet lips that barely part,
  Soft arms that fondly twine!
As down the silent stream
We drift as in a dream.

The rustling foliage near
  Sighs with a mournful tone;
High in the trees we hear
  The south wind's dying moan;
Still down the silent stream,
We drift, and drifting, dream.

The sun sinks in the west;
  The wild fowl hurry by;
And passing to their rest,
  They chant a lullaby;
While borne upon the stream,
We gently drift, and dream.

The bittern's lonely cry
  Comes faintly thro' the night;
The wild swan far on high,
  Pursues her silent flight—
As down the quiet stream
We slowly drift, and dream.

Ah! should our voyage last,
  Through all eternity,
Thy arms to hold me fast
  Would welcome fetters be;
Forever down the stream
To slowly drift, and dream!—*C. E. P.*

A Night In Siberia.

Being an Adventure that occurred in the Sea of Okhotsk.

"LET'S go in with the boats, and have a look along shore," said Mr. Warren, the mate of the Standard, as he came down from the mast-head.

"Can you get in do you think?" asked Captain Sayre, dubiously.

"Yes, sir, I think we can. This ice is open—that is to say, open for a boat; and, as it's still weather, there'll be no trouble about passing through it. I can see a strip of clear water, all along shore, between the ice and the land."

"Well, go ahead then, if you think there's any chance of finding a whale in-shore. There's nothing like trying, at any rate."

The land which lay before us, stretching as far as could be seen each way along the northern board, was the settled region of Siberia, on the shore of the Sea of Okhotsk—a sea, of which the waters were then teeming with unwrought wealth; for, though a whaling-ground of comparatively small extent, it yielded immense returns to American enterprise for many seasons after it was opened.

The *stream* of drift-ice, extending in a line parallel with the shore, was not more than two miles in width, and composed of pieces of moderate size. With a fair working breeze, the ship might have been pushed through it without much danger. But at this time it was nearly calm; and we did not care to stand close in to the land, unless certain of finding something to reward our efforts.

Our expedition of reconnoissance was soon ready to move, consisting of three boats, in charge of the three mates, the captain remaining on board.

We found the ice open enough for boats to pass easily, and wound our way through it without accident.

As Mr. Warren had reported, a belt of clear water was discovered beyond it, full half a mile in width; and here we cruised, not together, but with intervals of a mile or two between the boats, keeping a bright look-out for the least break upon the surface, that might indicate the presence of a "bow-head."

The water was smooth and still as that of an inland pond when no wind disturbs it. The greatest caution and quiet were necessary; for the whales had become exceedingly shy, from having been hunted for a week previously, almost without intermission.

Only the day before, a dozen ships had been in sight near this spot, when the ice-stream set down out of the "north-east gulf." They had all shifted their ground, and we were left, for the time being, alone.

The hours had passed away up till noon; and only a finback or two had been seen. These were hardly game worthy of our steel; to say nothing of the almost utter impossibility of approaching them within striking distance.

"The whales have all left," said Mr. Warren, despondingly. "We shall do nothing here today. Let's go ashore and get dinner," he continued, throwing the boat's head round. "Here is a good landing-place; and we can keep a look-out from this little hill."

We hauled our boat up on the beach, and selecting the driest spot we could find for a picnic place, made our noonday meal of hard-tack and cooked rations of "bovine mahogany" we had brought with us. Then lighting our pipes, we started for a stroll to the top of a neighboring eminence; whence we might command an extensive prospect seaward and along shore.

Patches of snow still lay unmelted in some places, while the general nature of the soil at a short distance inland was a series of heavy, soggy turf-knolls. From these the water squirted up at every step we took, as if they had been so many saturated sponges.

Our impressions of the goodly realm of the Czar Nicholas, judging from what we saw, were not unlike those of the troops of Napoleon's grand army, in the reign of his sire. Well might we wonder that a Russian—or any other human being—should have the assurance to call Russia "a country."

The low land seemed to present naught else but those everlasting clumps of water-logged turf, with here and there a belated snowdrift, or a bowlder of volcanic rock.

We found it but little better traveling as we ascended the acclivity. Our boots *sucked* down into the boggy ground, which added greatly to the difficulty of the ascent. On gaining the summit, we perceived that the hill formed the headland of a small cove, which we had not noticed while in the boat.

We hastened onward to its further verge, for the purpose of having a peep into the small inlet beyond; the mate, with his long stride, taking the lead of the rest.

Suddenly we saw him halt, and hold up both hands, as if in an ecstasy of surprise.

"No noise!" he cautioned us as we drew near. "Come on; look there!"

Down in the smooth cove below, a polar whale of the largest class, an old "cow" with immense "arch," and great patches of white about the spiracles, lay basking in the still water, within darting distance of the rocks at the base of the hill. To us, perched almost directly above, she presented a view of all her proportions and movements, rarely attainable in the case of a living whale.

Smothering our excitement, we stood in silence, gazing down upon her; while, all unconscious of danger, she lay there breaking the stillness by her slow, deep respirations and scaling her immense tail to the right and left, under water, in sheer sportiveness.

When at last she went down, she did so with a gradual slant; for there was not sufficient depth of water to admit of her "turning flukes" in the orthodox way.

"Come on, men!" said the mate. "Down to the beach!"

We hurried back to our boat, pushed her out, and paddled silently along shore. We allowed her to drift into the cove, with the aid of an occasional light paddle-dip; and choosing our position with the best possible judgment, we remained for a full hour in almost unbroken silence.

But the placid surface of the basin was undisturbed by even a ripple; and though we had also a clear view outside, no whale was to be seen.

We were not so much surprised, for we knew that such a mysterious disappearance is no uncommon occurrence in polar whaling. I have met with old Northern cruisers, who stoutly believed that species of whale could remain below the surface for an indefinite period of time, or as long as they chose to stay.

Swallowing our disappointment with what grace we could, we cruised the greater part of the afternoon without seeing anything to reward our efforts. The sky had gradually become overcast, and a breeze from the eastward blowing along shore, rippled the hitherto level surface of the sea. The ship was still in sight in the offing, heading in toward us; but the increasing mist threatened soon to hide her entirely from our view.

The mate now set his waif as a signal for the other two boats to close with us.

"What have you seen?" he asked of each officer, as soon as they came within hail.

"Nothing—but finbacks," was the answer from both. The only bow-head seen during the day was the one of which we had had so tantalizing a view from the headland on the shore.

"I could look right down into her spout-holes and see 'em wink!" said Mr. Warren, with professional enthusiasm. "It was the finest sight I ever saw in my life! But she went down, and that's the last of her. I don't like the change of weather," he continued, "and I think the sooner we all put off, the better, if we mean to sleep on board to-night. We can see the ship now; but we mayn't be able to in another hour. Oars, men! Pull ahead!"

We shot rapidly out toward the stream of drift-ice, under the impulse of long, regular strokes of the oars, the officers keeping their eyes steadily fixed upon the ship, that was now only dimly visible.

The second-mate's boat, being much faster than the others, at once took lead, and was well into the ice-field before we reached the nearest edge of it. The ice was already in motion when we entered it, and the boat of Mr. Grover, the third-mate, was close in our wake.

For some time we worked our way along between the pieces, but the whirl and agitation of the fragments was every moment increasing in violence. It seemed to be acted upon by a current, as well as by the wind, which was fast freshening.

"What do you think about it, Mr. Grover?" hailed Mr. Warren, speaking to the third-mate.

"That we had better get out of it, the shortest way," was the not very encouraging answer.

"That will be by putting back, then," said Mr. Warren. "We are not half-way through it yet. Where's Mr. Lawrence's boat?"

He asked this question, because we had been so entirely occupied with our own tortuous course, that we had lost the run of the second-mate.

"There she is," answered Mr. Grover's boat-steerer, pointing with his hand. "She's almost through it."

Our situation was momentarily becoming more desperate, as the pieces of ice, grinding against each other, barred our progress and threatened our frail boat with destruction. The mate looked, first seaward, then landward; balancing in his mind for a moment the chances of "ship or shore." He spoke at length, as if his mind had been fully made up as to what we should do:

"Lay round, Mr. Grover, and pull for the shore again. That's our best chance!"

This change of movement gave the third-mate's boat the lead; and we followed, keeping as close as possible to his steering-oar. But at times the opening through which he had passed, would close before we could enter it.

Several times, as the boat was in danger of being steel-trapped, as it were, between two large pieces of ice, at a word from the officer we all jumped over upon the ice, lifting her by the gunwales, and at the same time stamping off the edges of the ice with our heavy boots.

Thus we would drag her over into a clear space to jump in again, and pull for the next available opening.

It was a case of life and death with us; for none of us needed to be told, that if our boats were crushed between the moving fragments, our lives would be hardly worth struggling for. We knew that but a half-inch of cedar-board was between us and eternity!

For the distance of half a mile or more we thus fought for our lives. All our efforts did not save the frail structures from being *nipped;* though we were still able to keep them afloat by bailing.

And when at last we placed them once more in open water, heading leisurely back toward the inhospitable Siberian shore, we had lost all trace of the ship, as well as of the second-mate's boat.

Night was approaching, and a thick mist settling down upon the sea. A gun was heard; but it conveyed to us only a faint, rumbling report; and we had no means of answering it, at that distance.

The danger of our situation, while *beset* in the ice-field, may be better understood when it is considered, that, although the stream has, of course, one general set or drift, yet its various fragments, acting upon each other, give and receive deflective motions more or less eccentric, and often rotatory. Thus their relative positions are constantly changing, new passages opening between them, and closing as suddenly as opened.

We felt considerable anxiety about the fate of Mr. Lawrence and his crew. When last seen, we thought his chance of making his way through was at least as good as ours of reaching the open water in-shore. We were not uneasy about the ship; for in this case there were no pieces of ice heavy enough to endanger a stout vessel, though they might injure her by superficial chafing.

We carried our battered and leaky boats up high on the shore; and, taking out the loose craft, turned them bottom up. The masts were planted firmly in the earth, and the sails stretched out formed a "lee," or partial shelter from the cold wind. Driftwood was collected, sufficient to keep a bonfire going through the night, as well as to floor off, or *corduroy*, an extent of the wet ground sufficient to form a sleeping place.

Our commissary department, it may be mentioned, was now at rather a low ebb. We had come provided only for the day; and having but a few fragments left after the dinner, long since eaten, we were obliged to fall back upon the small reserve stock of hard bread, always carried in the "lantern-keg" of every whale-boat, when in active service. We knew that we should not suffer for that night, at least; but we also knew that our first business next morning must be to look out for provisions.

We were disappointed in finding that there were no muscles or other shell-fish on the shore; and as for vegetation—at least in any form that would furnish food for hungry men—it would have scorned to grow in such a locality.

We finished our supper—the bill of fare being strictly a felon's diet, bread and water—and posted pickets, not forgetting to have our lances and harpoons conveniently at hand; for we had seen the tracks of some monstrous animal, which we had no doubt was the dangerous polar bear.

Having taken these precautions, we wrapped our jackets about our bodies and stretched ourselves round the bonfire, like old campaigners.

The wind was raw and chill, despite the flimsy "lee" afforded by the boats' sails; and the ice, which had set in nearer the shore, was crackling and grinding all night, in the short *chop* raised by the fresh breeze. There was little sleep for any of us; the dormitory being decidedly too airy, to say nothing of its humidity, which was extreme for the latitude of fifty-nine.

Yet with the usual reckless and light-hearted jollity of seamen, our recent peril in the ice-drift was now made light of; and even our lonely situation on that sterile shore, with the uncertainty as to how long we might be imprisoned there, furnished food for jokes and laughter to the more thoughtless among us.

"I suppose the old man has given us all up for lost," remarked one of the boys.

"Of course he has. If Mr. Lawrence got aboard safe, he would report us right in the middle of the ice-field.

"This beats Kelp," said the mate. "We used to have some scrapes in the Kelp, on the southern right-whaling voyages; eh, Mr. Grover?"

"Yes, sir. But we're all right, with the land under our feet now; and we can't be here many days without seeing *some* ship, if not our own."

"Even if we don't, I suppose we shall find a Russian settlement somewhere within a hundred miles along the shore," remarked Mr. Warren.

"I wish a polar bear *would* come about," said the third-mate.

"Why so?" asked several of the party.

"We'd kill him, and get some provisions. What would not a hungry man fight for, if not for his grub?"

But Mr. Grover's desires were not destined to be gratified, for no bear came near us. Doubtless the unwonted phenomenon of a blazing bonfire—to say nothing of twelve men grouped round it—was sufficient to keep bruin at a respectful distance.

The short night wore away without any adventure; and with returning daylight came the thought of provisions, as the first and most important necessity.

We dispersed on a sort of unorganized foray, in search of anything that might be eatable; but soon came together again at our night camping-place, nearly as empty-handed as when we set out. The mate had shot a couple of small birds; that did not furnish much addition to our stock. We had only one gun with us, and but a few charges of powder and shot. Some other source of supply must, therefore, be found, and that soon, for we began to feel the fear of starvation.

No ship was yet to be seen; for the mist concealed everything beyond a radius of a mile or two. But the ice, from its agitation and attrition during the night, was broken up into smaller fragments, and might now be passed through with safety.

In our wanderings on the beach we came upon many pieces of ship-timber, staves of casks, iron-work, and other relics of wreck. We knew that these were of the whale-ship Houqua, which had been totally lost on that coast the year before. But her *débris* was of little use to us; the discovery of a seal, or a bed of muscles, would have been much more to our liking.

After our very meager breakfast we pushed the boats afloat, and manned our oars for a pull along shore.

A couple of miles brought us near the base of a lofty bluff, which we had visited about a week before, when we had climbed it for birds' eggs. To our disappointment we found that we could not now approach it with the boats near enough to land.

The cliff towered several hundred feet above our heads, a bulwark of sterile rock, startling in its rugged sublimity. At its base a confused heap of bowlders were massed together in the wildest confusion, some of them of vast size. They had evidently fallen down from the sea-face of the cliff, having been split off at various times by the intense frosts of Arctic winters. Among these the chopping sea was dashing with considerable force, grinding up the lumps of ice that came in contact with them.

We saw that it would never do to risk our boats in attempting to land; and reluctantly we had to rest on our oars, and take counsel together as to our next movement.

It was at length decided to pull out a short distance, and try the passage of the ice, hoping we might now get sight of the ship. We headed seaward, and as we advanced were astonished at the change which had been produced by a few hours' agitation. We met with no ice pieces of any size, but such as could be easily avoided; while the greater part of the field appeared to have become almost pulverized.

We went dashing and rattling along among the reduced masses, and ere many minutes were electrified by the cry of "Sail, O!" from Mr. Grover's boat, that was some distance ahead.

The mist had thinned a little, and there was the ship, hove-to, within a mile of us!

We were soon assured of the fact that it was our own ship, for we knew every patch in her well-worn topsails. An involuntary cheer was sent up simultaneously from both boats, and in a few minutes after we were alongside the Standard.

We found the second mate and his crew safe on board. As expected, he had, of course, reported us as being in the middle of the ice-field when last seen; and the captain had passed a sleepless night, tortured with anxiety as to our fate, while we were quite safe on *terra firma*, though not by any means snug.

We had, in truth, passed a most miserable night in Siberia—almost as miserable as the French soldiers could have been at Moscow.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, JR., has a very small library, a single book-case containing all his books. They include Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Montaigne, Moliere, and a very few others. Before all stands the Bible, which is the book that Dumas studies the deepest and reads with the greatest pleasure.

Amateur Journalism!

Correspondence, papers, etc., intended for this department should be addressed to Junius W. C. Wright, 530 Rayburn avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

Boys and Their Journals.

OF all indoor amusements perhaps none has grown so steadily in popular favor of late years as amateur printing. The introduction of cheap printing-presses laid the foundation for one of the most pleasing, and at the same time instructive, pastimes in which Young America has ever engaged. One of the first results of these embryo efforts in the "art preservative of all arts" was the publication of miniature newspapers, edited and published by the young "typos." From its beginning, in a few tiny and insignificant sheets, the "mimic press" has gradually extended into a large and recognized branch of popular literature, to which many of the rising generation are at present devoting their leisure time.

Before the invention of these amateur printing-machines but few of our young folks could afford to issue a newspaper, however small; but that a few such journals did exist is proved by well-authenticated records, and mention is made of one called the *Portfolio*, published as early as the year 1812, by a youth named Condie. At present there are many amateur journals in existence, but to make an accurate list would be next to impossible, so quickly do they appear and disappear. The following is a list of the principal amateur papers now published, with the names of their youthful editors, where they could be obtained.

Amateur, W. B. Henry, editor; Amateur Argus, Amateur Blade, Anchor, C. E. Hellings, editor; Aspirant, Aldine, F. M. Morris, editor; Apex, Amateur Iowan, Warren Moore, editor; Amateurs' Journal, Carroll Bros., editors; Advertiser, Arba Borden, editor; Amateur Herald, Amateur Newspaper Reporter, Henry Kahrs, editor; Amateur World, Advertiser, Wear Bros., editors; Amateur Mercury, L. W. Beaubien, editor; Advertiser, J. D. Nutt, editor; Buffalo Amateur, Charles Steele, editor; Boys' Gazette, Harry J. Calvert, editor; Boys and Girls' Companion, Beacon, Bluff City Boys, Sam H. Nook, editor; Boys of Gotham, Isaac Davis, editor; Buckeye Herald, Boys' News, Berea Gazette, Boys' Courier, Bee, J. Milner Walmsley, editor; Centennial, W. F. Babcock, editor; Composing Stick, Geo. W. Biehn, editor; Critic and Observer, "Netos," editor; Crisis, J. C. Worthington, editor; Eastern Sunbeam, Frye Bros., editors; Egyptian Star, W. L. Wright, editor; Echoes of the Board, Sam Clover, editor; Eastern Star, Lawrence, editor; Editor's Eye, Clarence P. Dresser, editor; Elmira Enterprise, Miss Libbie Adams, editor, Enterprise, Hoosier Enterprise, A. L. Kitselman, editor; Imp, J. Edson Briggs, editor; Idle Hour, Kramer, editor; Independent Times, Juvenile Press, J. J. Weisert, editor; Jersey Amateur Journal, Knight Errant, Eugene E. Ellis, editor; Kaleidoscope, A. P. Perry, editor; Leisure Moments, W. R. Jackson, editor; Little Critic, Percy Monroe, editor; Lilliputian, Little Gem, Microcosm, Metropolitan, Chas. Ficke, editor; Monthly Critic, Michigan Excelsior, North Carolina Amateur, Carr and Sutherland, editors; National Amateur, Clem Chase, editor; Our Own Journal, Young, editor; Our Free Blade, Our Enterprise, Our American Youth, Richardson Bros., editors; Our Sanctum, Olio, Oak City Item, Our Mutual Friend, Odds and Ends, Phœnix, R. H. Born, editor; Pierian, Pearl, Quill, L. Gronauer, editor; Quaker City Gem, Stylus, Art. J. Huss, editor; Sponge, Southern Star, E. A. Oldham, editor; Talisman, H. K. Merritt, editor; Temperance Echo, The Academy, Western Boys, W. H. Reynolds, editor; Welcome Visitor, Thos. G. Harrison, editor; Wise and Otherwise, Yankee Blade, F. H. Sheldon, editor; Fiery Comet, Favorite, Florida Advertiser.

The above is as nearly complete as possible, and the names of all others received will be published in succeeding issues. The youngest editor in the ranks is J. Milnor Walmsley, editor of the *Bee*, Philadelphia, he being but thirteen years of age. His journal is very readable. *The Amateur*, of Brooklyn, is the oldest and largest paper, it having been started in April, 1873. With its December issue it will be changed into a magazine. Amateur journalism is not confined to young folks only, as some of the editors are men of twenty-four and five, though seldom older, most of whom became interested in the cause earlier in life.

So much for the journals; next week we will give an article on "BOOKS AND AUTHORS," which will be read with interest by both old and young.

Notes.

AMATEUR printers are invited to send specimens of their work for criticism.

EUGENE E. ELLIS, publisher of the *Knight Errant*, Cairo, Ill., is foreman on the *Evening Argus*, a professional daily at that place.

"ADA; a Tale of Flirtation and its Folly," by H. K. Feather, is another of the late amateur books, and one which reflects credit on both author and publisher.

WILL C. AIKEN, formerly publisher of the celebrated *Our Galaxy*, of Cleveland, Ohio, is away out in Los Angeles, Cal., "prospecting." Should he find a suitable location, he will remain there.

AMONG those who will probably be candidates next year for the Presidency of the National Amateur Press Association are: Delevan W. Gee, Jos. P. Clossey, Geo. W. Biehn, Wm. Barrett Henry, Art. J. Huss and J. C. Worthington. Make your choice, gentlemen.

"A DREAM of the Past" is the title of a neat little book, of 23 pages, by Richard Gerner. It is one of the most interesting and well-rendered poems we have yet seen, and is quite a credit to its author. The typographical portion of the work is finely executed, by H. A. Granbery & Brother, the well-known amateur newspaper printers.

THE *Independent Times* has created quite a sensation by declaring the election of Wm. T. Hall to the Presidency of the National Amateur Press Association, which convened at Chicago in July last, as fraudulent. It states that two votes were cast for Jos. P. Clossey, with which he was not credited. However, it fails to prove its assertion, which is perhaps what Hall would call "an advertising dodge."

THE amateur press—ever the enemy of "blood and thunder" literature—will gladly welcome THE YOUNG NEW YORKER as a respectable and interesting paper for boys and girls. The enterprising publishers, neglecting no means to procure that which will prove of interest to its readers, have opened this department, which it is hoped will prove a leading feature of the paper and receive the hearty support of the amateur fraternity.

IN the earlier part of the present year an order was issued by the head of the post-office department, instructing postmasters to refuse to mail amateur journals at the regular newspaper rates of two cents per pound. The average publisher could not afford to pay one cent postage on each copy of his paper, and a general stagnation resulted, while letter after letter was sent to the Postmaster-General full of expostulations and entreaties. Finally, the injustice was corrected by a recent rescission of the order, and amateur affairs move smoothly along once more.

DEATH has invaded the amateur ranks quite often of late, and it becomes our sad duty to record the following: Will A. Fiske, of the old *Brilliant*, at Coldwater, Mich., in the 25th year of his age; Samuel L. C. Morris, of the *Young Democrat*, at Greensburg, Pa., in his 18th year; W. H. Russell, in his 19th year, and Geo. Bradford, in his 20th year, both of the old *Leader;* and W. D. Oakley, 21 years, and Fred V. Matthews, 20 years, both of *Leisure Moments*, the four last named having died at Memphis, Tenn., during the late yellow-fever epidemic. May they rest in peace.

American Hunting Grounds.

Birds of Long Island.

I.

THE GROSBEAKS.

OF this family the rose-breasted is worthy of special mention. It is a beautiful bird and has a rich, rolling song. When the female is disturbed by the approach of man she darts off into concealment, almost sure to be followed by her ardent spouse, solicitous for her safety, bent upon reassuring her by his presence and caresses.

THE BOBOLINK OR RICE BIRD.

The bobolink comes to us in May. He comes all glorious with song and nearly ready to multiply his kind. The change of plumage with the finishing of the duties of reproduction is rapid and complete before the return movement is made, although this takes place in August. They pass southward again in September, songless, and find their home in the West Indies, and even further South. As soon as the season relaxes once more, in March, they will re-enter the United States and do it all over again. The Atlantic coast is the favorite highway of this species, but it travels also by other routes in the interior.

THE FINCH FAMILY.

This family has already been noticed in the person of the rose-breasted grosbeak. Among its other members is found the pine linnet. It frequents the pine trees, but occasionally descends to the weeds and thistles, acting precisely like the yellow bird. In spring it has an agreeable song, in a lower voice than the yellow bird. Like it, it has the habit of singing in a lively, rambling sort of way for an hour or more at a time.

The lesser red poll linnet is a winter bird, and during that cold season makes its migration from the South. About the middle of April it takes its departure, returning again in November or December.

The purple finch remains with us until the severity of winter becomes unendurable.

The American gold-finch is too familiarly known to need more than mention. Every reader has watched his antics both abroad and in the cage, and his song has cheered so many homes as to make him as great a favorite as the most petted canary. His song is rich and his voice silvery. His song in captivity is plaintive as an appeal for liberty, and he is disinclined to cultivate the acquaintance of his human master.

THE ORIOLES.

The Baltimore oriole derives its name from the colors of Lord Baltimore's dress, and not from the city of that name. The main curiosity of this bird is its hanging nest. Its home is begun by firmly fastening natural strings of the flax of the silk-weed or swamp hollyhock, or stout artificial threads around two or more poked twigs, corresponding to the width and depth of the nest. With the same materials, willow down, or any accidental ravelings, strings, thread, sewing silk, tow or wool that may be found lying near the neighboring habitations, or around the grafts of trees, they interweave and fabricate a sort of coarse cloth into the form intended, toward the bottom of which they place the real nest, made chiefly of lint, wiry grass, horse and cow hair, etc.

The orchard oriole also has a hang nest. The orioles are all wonderful architects. Though their nests may swing with every breath of wind this is but a cradle rocking to the callow young, and it is a rude blast, indeed, that endangers their leafy home. The song of the Baltimore is possessed of both richness and variety.

THE PURPLE GRAKLE.

The purple grakle, or crow blackbird, is sometimes annoying to the agriculturist by its mischief in the cornfields, but it has some good qualities. It is of great service in the destruction of insects. It has one very bad trait, perhaps not generally known. Like the crow, a not distant relative, it is fond of birds' eggs and tender nestlings, and it destroys a great many, particularly robins'. Cowardlike, it lurks about the robin's vicinity until the parents are away, when it pounces on the nest, seizes an egg or a young-one, and hastily retreats. Sometimes it is caught in the act and forced to seek safety in rapid flight.

THE WREN.

The great Carolina wren frequents shrubbery and undergrowth, of all sorts, where it hides with great pertinacity, and is oftener heard than seen. If we attempt to penetrate its hidden resorts it hurries away into deeper recesses with a low fluttering near the ground or scrambling and hopping from one bush to another, very likely mocking us with its rollicking song as soon as it feels perfectly secure. It shares, however, the restlessness and prying curiosity of its tribe, and if we keep still in a favorable spot we may often see it returning slyly to take a look at us, peering from among the bushes with an inquisitive air, all the while "teetering" its body and performing odd, nervous antics, as if it were possessed of the very spirit of unrest. Its song is loud, clear, strong and highly musical.

The house wren winters in the Southern States. In the summer months its migrations extend north to Canada and Nova Scotia.

The song of the winter wren excels that of any other known bird of its size. It is truly musical, full of cadence, energetic and melodious. Dull indeed must be the ear that thrills not on hearing it.

On entering a patch of rushes in search of the marsh wren, we almost instantly hear the harsh screeping notes with which those nearest scold us in vehement and angry resentment at the intrusion.

THE PLOVERS.

The golden plover is more a visitor by the way than a bird of Long Island. It breeds only in the far North. It does not appear to have any special lines of migration, but passes over the country at large, sometimes in vast flocks, its autumnal progress being more leisurely than its advance in the spring. When not too much molested it is gentle and unsuspicious. It runs rapidly and lightly in search of its food, flies with a mellow whistling note and settles again with a momentary graceful poise of the upturned wings. Some of the birds begin to work southward almost as soon as they are full grown, though others linger till driven away by the cold.

Of the kildeer plover, Elliot Cones, the famous American naturalist, observes: "The kildeer is conspicuous among the few waders that breed at large through the United States, the great majority of these birds passing further north for this purpose. Being, also, one of the most numerous and widely diffused, few birds are more familiarly known. It performs extensive journeys, in its migrations, reaching even to South America. I think it migrates chiefly by night. As I sit at midnight writing this, in the town of Columbia, South Carolina, in February, I continually hear their well-known piercing notes, as they pass rapidly on through the darkness."

News and Notes of the Day.

A CENSUS of Paris shows that it has 1,988,806 inhabitants.

THE wine crop of California is valued this year at only $4,000,000.

A LITTLE machine is made that actually measures the distance walked.

A PANTHER is prowling about the woods in Cattaraugus county, New York.

THE Duke of Devonshire lately made $100,000 by the sale of thirty short-horn cattle.

THE estimated yield of corn this year is 1,300,000 bushels; of wheat, 400,000,000 bushels.

NEARLY 200 muskrats have been caught this fall by the trappers, about Dunham's Bay, Lake George.

A PERRY farmer lights and warms his house and does his cooking from a natural gas well recently discovered on his farm.

THE Northern New York Poultry Association will hold its annual fair at Sandy Hill, for three days, commencing January 14th.

THE cost of the ice-houses recently erected on the Hudson show that the cost of erection is about fifty cents per ton in capacity.

A SINGLE train on the Delaware, Lackawana and Western Railroad, lately going from Utica to Norwich, consisted of 305 coal cars.

ITALY has three navy yards, that of Spezia being the most important. Two thousand eight hundred and sixty workmen are employed there.

AN Indiana firm is buying up all the walnut trees in the region of Louisiana, Mo., cutting them into logs and shipping by rail to the capital of the Hoosier State.

TWO men while hunting near Bethel, Sullivan county, recently came across three bears. They killed one and wounded another, which attacked one of the men. He struck it with his gun and knocked it down, breaking the gun. The third bear escaped.

THE immense horns of the South African cattle are made to twist spirally and in fanciful curves by being scraped on one side or the other while they are growing. Each owner can tell the oxen which belong to his "span" in this way by the acquired shape of their naturally regular horns.

A LITTLE girl at Heeley Falls, Ont., while straying around her father's farm ran across a young bear, and, mistaking it for a dog, tied a string around its neck and lugged it home. At Stoneham, Quebec, a large she-bear was caught in a trap, and her affectionate cubs nearly flayed her alive by plucking at her with their teeth in their endeavors to get her away.

A GUELPH (Canada) girl, driving home the cows, in the dusk the other evening, perceived some dark objects moving round a shock of corn, and went to see what they were. She immediately found herself attacked by six large raccoons, but fortunately having a short stick, laid about her so valiantly that the 'coons "made tracks," leaving two dead on the field.

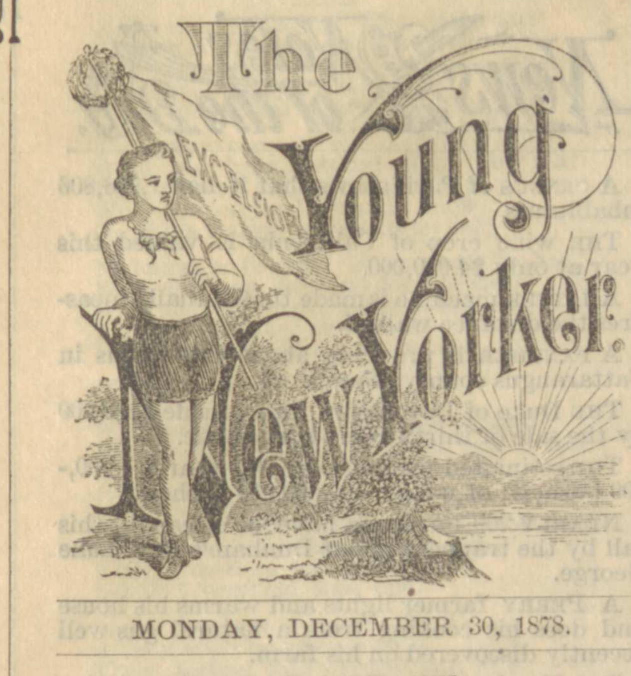
A CAT that kills rattlesnakes is owned by Chas. Baker, a granger who is reclaiming desert land on the Gila, opposite Mohawk, Arizona. The cat watches them until they uncoil and start to glide off, then jumps and catches them by the back of the neck, chewing the vertebrae till the snakes are dead, and with his claws tearing loose any coils that may be thrown around his body. He has already killed several.

THE teredo, or ship-worm, whose ravages on ship timbers are well known to all sailors, is creating great havoc on the Pacific coast. The wharf at Santa Monica, the port of Los Angeles, Southern California, has had to be abandoned on account of their depredations, and they have now put in an appearance at the San Francisco docks. Another pest, called the hinnoria, works crosswise in the timbers, boring fine holes across the grain of the wood until at times the timber is cut completely in two. These pests used to be found only in tropical seas, but since 1870 they have appeared in San Francisco Bay in immense numbers. Unless some means are devised to check their ravages the complete destruction of all the piles supporting the wharves of San Francisco is threatened.

IT may be interesting to billiard-players to know somewhat of the origin of the game. In the latter part of the sixteenth century a London pawnbroker, William Kerr, was in the habit of amusing himself, in wet weather, when there were no customers, with pushing about three balls on the counter with a yard measure. This suggested a board with side pockets. An old manuscript says: "Master William Kerr did make one board whereby a game is played with three balls; and all the young men were greatly recreated thereat, chiefly the young clergymen from St. Paules: hence one of ye strokes was named a 'canon,' having been by one of ye said clergymen invented. The game is now known by the name of 'bill-yard,' because William or Bill Kerr did first play with the yard-measure. The stick is now called a 'kew,' or 'kue.'" The old bill-yard is modernized into billiard, and "kew" into cue.

THE British Registrar-General gives a weekly account of the rate of mortality in a number of the great towns of the world, and among them he describes the following as having a population exceeding a quarter of a million. First comes London, with its 3,577,304 people. Next is Paris, with its 1,988,806; New York, with its 1,084,528, and Brooklyn, with 549,438; and then Berlin, with 1,019,620 inhabitants. Philadelphia has its 876,118; Vienna, 727,271; St. Petersburg, 669,741; Bombay, 644,405; Glasgow, 566,940; Liverpool, 532,681; Manchester, with Salford, 530,765 people. All these are above the half-million. Then come Naples, with its 457,407; Calcutta, with 429,535; Madras, 397,552; Hamburg (the State), 406,104; Birmingham, 383,117; Baltimore, 355,000; Buda-Pesth, 319,530; Dublin, 314,660; Leeds, 304,948; Amsterdam, 302,266; Sheffield, 289,537; Rome, 282,214; and Breslau, with 267,000 population. Why those cities of phenomenal growth and generous rivalry, Chicago and St. Louis, are omitted from the list is unaccountable.

A STRIKING illustration of the extent and excellence of the arrangements for the international mail service, which have resulted from the postal union, is given in the official publication received by the superintendent of foreign mails, from the Berne Central Bureau. A resident of Chemnitz, Saxony, mailed at that place May 24th, nine A. M., a postal card addressed to himself, carrying a request to all postmasters to dispatch successively and without loss of time, to Alexandria, Singapore, Yokohama, San Francisco and New York, and thence to Chemnitz, his object being to win a wager that, with the existing arrangements, a circuit of the world could be made by postal matter within 130 days. The request was complied with and the card arrived in Chemnitz from New York, on the 117th day after the date of the original mailing. The Postmaster-General of Germany has caused this card to be photographed, and transmitted a copy to the Berne International Bureau, with the remark that had it been posted one hour earlier it would have accomplished the journey in ninety-six days.



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"*All out-door games, athletic sports, rowing, ball games, etc., OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED, for the sake of the health which they promote.*"—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Amateur Journalism.

WE open this week in THE YOUNG NEW YORKER a column which promises to be both lively and interesting—that of "Amateur Journalism." Few have any idea of the extent to which this branch of literature has spread in our days, and it is a matter of just pride to Americans to reflect that in our country alone could the movement have reached its present proportions. Our American motto, "Give the boy a chance," is one that is almost unknown in Europe, where the doctrine that "Boys should be seen and not heard" forms the basis of education in too many cases. Boys and young men, systematically suppressed, seek refuge in each other's society, out of sight of those who should be their wise and sympathizing friends, and the result too frequently is a great deal of mischief that might be obviated were old and young thrown together in more intimate connection. It is in the light of these facts that we regard Amateur Journalism as a good feature of our society, and one to be encouraged by the professional press of the country and by public opinion in general. It is open to the light of day; it reflects the feelings and opinions of the budding talent of our country, and its tendency is healthy and elevating. In these days of universal literature, almost every young author who fights his way, slowly and through many failures, to a position in the world, has occasion to deplore, again and again, his lack of an early training in letters. A manuscript may contain hundreds of errors that the author never realizes till he sees his work printed, and then it is too late to rectify the mistakes.

Amateur Journalism offers to the young author, full of ideas, but ignorant of the technicalities of style and expression, a good practical school wherein his first mistakes may be corrected, without coming up against him in future years. Being avowedly non-professional work, it meets with kind and discriminating criticism, devoid of the ill-natured carping that prevails in the daily press on professional work. It exercises the highest and best faculties of the young author; leads, if he has real talent, to a future in the world of letters; and gives him a chance to see whether he has mistaken his vocation or not.

Our Amateur Column gives this week the names of no less than seventy-five journals of more or less circulation, written, printed and published by boys of all ages, from thirteen to twenty-four. This represents only a portion of the whole, but is enough to show that the Amateur Press is a healthy and growing institution. Long may it flourish and increase.

The Walking Fever.

WE seem to be likely to have enough athletic sports this winter, and the walkers especially are in full force. Not only are O'Leary and Campana to try conclusions at Gilmore's in a six days' "trot," but Madame Anderson is going to walk for nearly a month in Brooklyn, and May Marshall has just beaten her man in a hundred-mile-match, inside of twenty-four hours.

When Weston first attempted the feat of doing a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, during his walk to Chicago, it was looked on, and justly, as a very daring undertaking. All the papers teemed with accounts of the trials and failures, and public interest was greatly excited over the question, "Can it be done?"

This was ten years ago, and since that time the feat has been performed by so many, that it almost escapes attention that a woman has succeeded therein, and she is dismissed with a few lines of comment. The truth is that, since the walking fever set in in America, we have become so much accustomed to wonderful performances that they no longer excite much attention. We have gone so far ahead of all previous records that nothing can command public notice now, unless it be a surpassal of everything now accomplished. The great interest of the contest between Campana and O'Leary lies in the expectation that each man will go as much as 540 miles in the six days, before he stops, and after that time we may expect a collapse of interest in the long-distance matches, simply because no one else is likely even to equal, much less surpass, the American records of Christmas Week, 1878.

We have had many fevers, and the walking fever has been perhaps the most beneficial of all to our self-respect in the athletic sense of the world. Europeans were accustomed to sneer at us for want of muscle and power of endurance. John Bull was especially proud of his walking capacity and challenged us to produce an equal of Captain Barclay. Weston and many others have since proved that Americans can out-walk Englishmen, as well as out-shoot them, and now we look to the Campana match to clinch the nail of athletic superiority.

Hare and Hounds.

SEEING that public interest in this sport is fast increasing, we warn our suburban readers that the second meet of the Westchester Hare and Hounds will take place on Christmas morning, at ten o'clock, sharp. The start will be from Schroder's Hotel, near the entrance of Woodlawn Cemetery. The "Hares" will be Messrs. Frank Banham and W. S. Vosburgh; the master of the hunt, Colonel Delancey Kane, and the first and second whips, Messrs. J. B. Haviland and James Lowe.

An enthusiastic "Hound" writes us that they intend taking a little breather of twenty miles across country on this occasion, and it is to be hoped that they will not be interrupted by deep snow, though a light coat would be very nice for the "Hounds," to aid them in tracking.

Skating.

WHAT fielding skill is in the game of base-ball, so is grace of movement in the art of skating—it is the most attractive feature of the sport. A man may be able to accomplish the most difficult of the feats of the fancy skater's programme of movements, and yet, if he be devoid of grace in the accomplishment of his task, he fails lamentably in giving a finish to his otherwise complete performance. Look at yonder skater executing the "grape-vine twist," the "figure threes and eights," the "flying threes," the "spread eagle," and all the other varied movements of the expert's *repertoire* of fancy skating, and see how his arms fly from his body, how ungainly he moves his legs, bends his knees and twists and turns his body. He accomplishes each figure he attempts, but in what manner does he do it? He cuts the figure on the ice well enough, but what a figure he cuts in doing it?

In fact grace is half the merit of skating, and without it all the skill of execution is but of secondary importance. The skater who does the outside roll with perfect grace of motion really accomplishes more than he who can execute nearly every figure of the Skating Congress programme without it. It is a pleasure to see the one move on the ice. It is annoying to see the other do so much and do it so ungracefully.

"But what is grace?" says some juvenile reader. As applied to physical things it is a quality which arises from a combination of elegance of form and ease of attitude and motion. As Milton says: "Grace was in all her steps." Grace and rapidity of motion are, in a measure, antagonistic. Graceful movements are made without apparent effort. A graceful position or movement on skates should invariably be natural and devoid of affectation. One of the greatest obstacles to grace of movement on skates is the motion of the arms. The tendency they have to fly off at a tangent, and to make acute angles of themselves greatly interferes with the desire to move gracefully. To make your arms feel at home in a natural position while you are going through your fancy figures, in the first lesson in the art after you have learnt to move on skates with confidence.

Courage and nerve are essential qualifications as a skater. Fear of a fall is a strong barrier to progress in a practical knowledge of the art, and the nerve required to attempt some difficult feat or other involving risks of a severe fall is a very necessary accompaniment.

Among the Penguins.

A GENTLEMAN who passed some days sketching in the Falkland Islands had many opportunities of observing the penguin population; and he declared them to be the most intelligent, impudent and inquisitive of the feathered tribe. He planted his camp-stool in the densest part of their "rookery," where they crowded about him, picked the buttons off and frayed the tails of his coat, walked about his drawing materials, and altogether behaved themselves as if he had been sent for their special entertainment. Fear there was none, or rather it was all on the side of the man, for nothing but an occasional vigorous use of a walking stick enabled him to maintain his ground and finish the beautiful series of water-color drawings which we had the pleasure afterward of examining.

The structure of these birds should not be passed by without a word of comment, so admirably adapted is it to their mode of life. The fore limbs—which in most other birds are wings—are flattened out into a pair of broad swimming paddles covered with scales, enabling the bird to follow its prey beneath the water with a swiftness, grace and ease contrasting remarkably with its awkward movements on land. The feet are broad and partially webbed, and the leg is modified in order to give stability to the body. Provision is made for long-continued diving by enlargement of the veins, which thus retain and act as reservoirs for the vitiated blood until it can be rendered aërated by breathing. The bones are filled with oily marrow, and the feathers are exceedingly compact and well adapted to resist water. When moulting, the penguin avoids water, and the feathers come away in patches, instead of singly, the whole process resembling more nearly the shedding of a snake's skin than the moulting of a bird.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Queer Wasp's Nest.

A GENTLEMAN in India tells the following story in the London *Field*. He says:

"Once I observed that the barrel of my Martini-Henry sporting rifle was stopped up with mud at the end. I called the man that looks after my fire-arms, and asked him if he knew anything about it. He said he had no idea how it had got stopped up, as he had never taken it out of the house, even when cleaning it (my orders being that he was to clean it in the veranda.) All my other servants also denied having touched it. I told him then to set to work and clean it, and on his knocking the mud out of the barrel, we discovered five green caterpillars in the mud (which was made like an oval cell), which proved the truth of the man's statement. These carpenter wasps, though generally harmless in their choice of sites for their nests, might cause a great deal of harm, as, had I fired off the rifle with the mud in the end of the barrel, it must, I think, have inevitably burst. Other kinds of wasps there are who make their cells of mud, but they fill their cells with spiders. These wasps are very common in India, and build their nests on the sides of portmanteaux and doors, and other places. I should state that my rifle was on a table, on which I keep all my ammunition.

Wild Horses in Kansas.

IT is a well-known fact that from time immemorial herds of wild horses have roamed over the plains of Southwestern Kansas. Their origin no man knows. It may date to the early Spanish conquest of the country. It has been exceedingly difficult to capture them, the method pursued having been to run down and lasso them with fleet horses. Latterly, however, it has been found that they can be captured in herds. The method is, to get up an outfit of a fast-walking team on a wagon carrying provisions, and camp supplies, and three or four riding ponies and as many men. When a herd is found, they are kept moving, no effort being made to drive them in any direction. The team and ponies are not driven any faster than a walk, and every opportunity is made of cutting across to save distance. The wild horses are kept in motion until dark, being given no opportunity to graze during the day. At night they are too tired to graze, and will lie down. The pursuers camp, feed their horses from grain, which they carry with them, and are up by daylight, have breakfast, and start again. This is kept up day after day. Every day takes some of the scare and wild out of them: they become accustomed to the sight of men on horseback and the team, find they are not going to be hurt by them, and, body and leg-weary from constant travel and little feed, in from eight to ten days will allow the men to ride in among them and drive them in any direction. They are then headed for the ranch, and are quite tame and docile by the time they get in. They are of the pony order, such as are used in the cattle business, make good riding ponies, and, when thoroughly broken to ride, sell at $15 to $25 per head, and when to drive, at from $60 to $75 per span.—*Pacific Life.*

Elephants as Explorers.

FAILING speedier means of locomotion in Africa, elephants promise to become important aids to the future development of traffic with the interior of the dark continent, pending the time when the iron horse will find its way thither. The success which has attended Colonel Gordon's experiment in turning to practical use in the Soudan the Khedive's tame Indian elephants, which have been eating their heads off in idleness so long at Cairo, will no doubt lead not only to the use of the Indian elephants in Africa, but also to the training of the native variety to purposes of commerce. An African specimen, which accompanied the Indian elephants in their long journey from Cairo to Dufli, in equatorial Egypt, is reported as being in good health and amenable to discipline; and there is little doubt that with the assistance of competent Indian elephants to capture, tame, and teach the African variety, these animals might be made as useful in their native country as the others are in Asia, Three important points at least have been proved by Colonel Gordon—that the Indian elephant will live and endure hardships and privations in the most trying parts of Africa, and with unaccustomed kinds of food, swimming rivers and crossing deserts with equal facility; that the African variety can be tamed and pressed into the service of man; and that the native Africans can be taught to tend and drive their enormous charges as well as the Indian trainers. Two important features in connection with the employment of elephants in Africa are that the animal is proof against the attacks of the detested tsetze fly, which neither horses nor cattle can endure, and that the natives—so far, at least, as our present experience goes—flee at the approach of the great creatures quietly driven by men seated on their heads.—*Exchange.*

JOHN VAN OPSTAL.

THE CARRIER PIGEON FANCIER OF NEW YORK.

MR. JOHN VAN OPSTAL is a gentleman of New York City who has become noted as an importer, breeder and flyer of carrier pigeons. Among the rapidly increasing fanciers of this interesting bird he stands foremost for the intelligence, perseverance and success with which he has sought both the highest development of the breed, and the popularizing of the flying of them.

He was born in the city of Antwerp, Belgium, June 16th, 1828, and is therefore fifty years of age. He came to the United States in 1856, when twenty-eight years old, and now speaks and writes the English language with the greatest fluency. In Belgium the breeding and flying of pigeons, for pleasure or profit, are almost universal among all classes of the people. It is stated that at least one person out of every three is the owner of pigeons, and the whole number of birds in the country is not less than five millions. Generally twenty birds are kept, but some keep as many as one hundred. Mr. Opstal was only twelve years old when he became a pigeon-fancier in his native country, and when he came to the United States he already possessed full knowledge as to the breeding and flying of the famous Belgian or Antwerp carriers.

Mr. Van Opstal is a large man, erect in carriage, and polite in manners. His face shows both his intelligence and penetration of character. Few subjects escape his observation and understanding. On the subject of the Antwerp carriers he is an enthusiast, and he will entertain a person for hours with interesting facts about them. He has also written much on the subject for the press. He is at the head of the New York Club, an organization devoted to the breeding and flying of these pigeons. The number of individuals interested in them throughout the country is already surprisingly large, and it is still increasing.

Indian Pigeons.

ALL over Southern Europe, Asiatic Turkey, Egypt, Persia and India, pigeons are kept in enormous numbers. The square of St. Mark's, at Venice, is famous for the beautiful doves that build their nests up among the domes of the cathedral; while the mosques of Turkey and Egypt devote a regular annual sum of money to feeding their flocks of pet pigeons.

It is in India and Persia, however, that the most attention is paid to breeding curious varieties. A recent writer says:

The points of beauty valued by the Indian fancier have been exceedingly diverse from the European standard. Generally speaking, little attempt has been made to alter the form of the bird; but every effort has been used to secure strange and bizarre combinations of color and singularity of marking. The most celebrated breed is that known as the *Khal*. There are several varieties of this breed; the great peculiarity is that the young are white, except the upper part of the head and the tail. As they get older they become speckled, but the speckles must be of a pure red or yellow, any other color being objectionable, and the speckles must not come in blotches. The birds must be small, without black on the feet or beaks, and with a well-marked white eyebrow. Very often the outside tail feathers are white.

The different colors are bred together, and it is quite uncertain what colors the young will take. For example, two black khals may have yellow khal young ones, and every now and then a chap khal—that is a bird with the markings previously described, but with one wing colored, the other perfectly white. A chap pigeon is as remarkable as an animal would be with eyes of different colors, and is very rare. Chap khals may be mated together if they both have the right or both the left wing colored. The plain khal, with the head, tail and speckles of the same color, is the least valuable, and the chap khal, if well-marked, is by far the rarest.

When the head, tail and speckles on the wings are of three different colors, the birds are very valuable. Of course, it is not every bird that will be perfect; even the young of perfect birds may not necessarily be perfectly marked.

There is also a well-known breed of pigeons in India, called Sherazies, from the Persian town of Sheraz; these birds may be black, red, yellow, or slate-colored. The bird is white, except the wings and head; crossing a Sheraze with a khal will sometimes produce a chap khal. Good specimens of pigeons are as rare in India as in England, and much more difficult to procure. The pigeons that are hawked about are never of any value.

The Sheraze is a splendid breed, and the best have several points to be attended to. Ordinary Sherazi pigeons are very common in India, but really good ones are very rare and expensive; they can only be procured as a favor, and when you have got them you will often find that you have not received breeders. The fact is, no doubt, that the natives value them too highly to wish to make them common.

There is a very handsome breed called Sabz Patez; it has beautiful green and blue plumage, with red eyelids, a small crest, and a white ring round the neck; the bars are black, like those of the blue rock. The Yahoo, or laugher, is a white bird, that makes a sound like its name. The Shiftern is something like a khal, but it has the speckles of mixed colors, and is not nearly so rare.

In Northern India the natives are very fond of high-flying pigeons; they go up out of sight and stay up for hours. This pigeon is a common-looking bird; the best are generally white, with black speckles, and a white eye. The hawks catch great numbers of them, and the kites also. They are often seen hunting them in couples, one above and one below the pigeons. These high-flyers might be good carriers, but it would be difficult to try them in India, in consequence of the numerous kites and hawks.

No attempts have yet been made to establish these parti-colored pigeons in this country, but there is no doubt that the climate of our Southern States would offer an excellent chance to acclimate them quickly and that they would soon become fashionable.

The breeding of our native pigeons for curious colors might also be tried with good effect. We commend the subject to American fanciers.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Special Notice.—THE YOUNG NEW YORKER is prepared to answer questions on all the subjects treated of in the paper. Competent writers have been engaged for our departments of sports, pastimes, athletics, etc., so that our readers may depend on correct information.

We shall be pleased to receive accounts from school and college clubs of contests in athletics of all sorts, of shooting and fishing excursions, whether of parties or of single persons, and to publish the same if of interest to our readers.

N. B.—We do not undertake to decide wagers, nor to deal with anything involving the elements of gambling and betting in any form.

Address all communications to EDITOR YOUNG NEW YORKER, 98 William street, New York City.

☞ The publishers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER will always be glad to receive and consider contributions from authors of well-known reputation on subjects suitable for, and congenial to, boys and young men. Such contributions will be given early attention, and early use when found available.

KNICKERBOCKER wants to know where to get a geologist's hammer and how much it will cost? ANSWER. At any first-class city hardware store they will be able to make one to order at a probable expense inside of five dollars, more likely about two.

LADDIE. Your MS. is received. While it is well and carefully written, it is somewhat too didactic in tone for our columns. We should prefer you to choose some more lively and interesting field than that of the moral essay, as we wish to make THE YOUNG NEW YORKER bright and sparkling, as well as solid.

SUBSCRIBER, Chicago, asks: "Where to get a good book on poultry?" He further says: "THE YOUNG NEW YORKER is the best paper I ever took." ANSWER. Many thanks for your praise. We mean to keep the paper up to the mark, and our only change will be to raise it still higher. We can get you the best books on poultry. Prices range from $1 to $10, according to elaboration of cuts, etc.

NIMROD asks: "1st. Where can I buy a second-hand pair of "song and dance" shoes? 2d. Where is the best place to buy ready-made costumes in New York? 3d. Is there any book printed that teaches how to play tambourine and bones? 4th. Where can I get first-class New Year's cards?" ANSWER. 1st. From a performer who needs them no longer. 2d. At a professional costumer's. There are plenty of them, chiefly in the Bowery and Fourth avenue. 3d. The instruments are too simple to require books of instruction. 4th. At a first-class job printer's.

JOCKEY asks for a list of all horses that have made the fastest time, from one to ten miles, and under what circumstances? ANSWER. Trotting, one mile, Rarus, 2:13 1-2; two miles, Flora Temple, 4:50 1-2; three miles, Huntress, 7:21 1-4; five miles, Lady Mack, 13:00; ten miles, Controller, 27:23 1-4. Pacing, one mile, Billy Boyce (saddle), 2:14 1-4; two miles, Hero, 4:56 1:2; three miles, Oneida Chief (saddle), 7:44. No record for five and ten miles. Running, one mile, Ten Broeck, 1:39 3-4; two miles, Ten Broeck, 3:27 1-2; three miles, Ten Broeck, 5:26 1-2. No record for five and ten miles.

AMATEUR, Toronto, Ont., asks: "1st. What is the best standing high jump that has been made for some previous years? 2d. Who is the highest kicker of the United States, and how high has he kicked? 3d. Have you ever heard of one who goes by the name of 'Simon.' It is said that he is the champion two-mile walker of America; he is a butcher by profession, and resides here in Toronto." ANSWER. 1st and 2d. E. W. Johnson, of your own town, has the best record on both feats, or had until very recently. 3d. We do not think "Simon" is the best two-mile walker in America. T. H. Armstrong, of New York, has made the best time so far.

TROTTING MAD asks: "How many American horses have trotted a mile in less than 2:20, and what are their records?" ANSWER. Rarus, 2:13 1-2; Goldsmith Maid, 2:14; Hopeful, 2:14 3-4; Lula, 2:15; Smuggler, 2:15 1-4; Lucille Golddust, 2:16 1-4; American Girl, 2:16 1-22; Occident, 2:16 3-4; Gloster, 2:17; Dexter, 2:17 1-4; Edwin Forrest, 2:18; Great Eastern, 2:18; Judge Fullerton, 2:18; Nettie, 2:18; Red Cloud, 2:18; Lady Maud, 2:18 1-4; Lady Thorn, 2:18 1-4; Lucy, 2:18 1-4; Midnight, 2:18 1-4; Col. Lewis, 2:18 1-2; Slow Go, 2:18 1-2; Albemarle, 2:19; Cozette, 2:19; Dick Swiveller, 2:19; Edward, 2:19; Bodine, 2:19 1-4? Comee, 2:19 1-4; Croxie, 2:19 1-4; George Palmer, 2:19 1-4; Hannis, 2:19 1-4; Proteine, 2:19 1-4; Thomas L. Young, 2:19 1-2; Adelaide, 2:19 3-4; Camors, 2:19 3-4; Flora Temple, 2:19 3-4. This makes thirty-five horses.

YOUNG GARDENER asks how to make a cranberry bed? ANSWER. Cranberries are generally grown in natural swamps, but artificial beds are thus formed: Those who contemplate them ought to consider first where a good supply of water can be had; then, selecting a light airy position, but still not too exposed, have a bed of the required width excavated to the depth of five feet, and puddled with clay sufficiently to hold water. Secure a waste pipe, say three inches below the top of the bed, and when it is required to have the water higher, this may be easily brought about by placing some clay around the pipe to the required hight. It is most essential not to allow the water to become stagnant. The plants should not be put in too thickly together, because in a few years they grow rapidly, and if crowded do not bear freely.

GASPAR, Brooklyn, asks: 1st, What is the standard dictionary in the highest colleges of our country? 2d. How are the names "Chaco," "Doud" and "Iago," pronounced? 3d. What is the present population of Brooklyn and New York?" ANSWER. 1st. Webster's and Worcester's Unabridged Dictionaries hold equal rank now. The etymology of Webster is rather fuller than that of Worcester, but there is not much difference between them now. In the majority of New York city papers Worcester is the standard on spelling. 2d. "Chaco" is pronounced *Tchah-ko;* "Iago" is sounded *E-ah-go;* "Doud" is pronounced as written in English. 3d. In 1875, New York city had a little over a million of souls and Brooklyn about 550,000. The next census will probably show nearly two millions between the two cities.

TRIP, Albany, writes: "Will you tell me if five feet six inches, and one hundred and seventeen pounds is the average weight and hight for a boy of seventeen? I shall have a shell-boat next season, and would like to know what exercise it would be best for me to take to succeed in rowing. I am a pattern-maker, and have to do some pretty heavy work. I am very healthy. I have been in four races, and have won every time easily. I like running, and I run very well." ANSWER. You are well up to the average hight and weight. The best exercise for an oarsman is running. To row long races requires plenty of "wind," that is, large lungs; and nothing exercises the lungs so much as running. An oarsman who does nothing but row, exercises only the back and loins, and does not develop his lungs at the same rate as his muscles. This is now well known, and oarsmen, whether in single or crew competitions, do a great deal of running when they are in training.

GREENHORN asks: "1. What is a junior under boating rules? 2. What is meant by best and best boats? ANSWER. 1. The definition of a junior oarsman or sculler varies in different localities. They are all adaptations of the recognized English laws, which are as follows: "Oarsmen are juniors if they have never been winners of any race except a private match, or one in which the competition was confined to members of one club only; or a race between college crews, members of the same university; or one in which the construction of the boats was restricted. Scullers are juniors if they have never been winners of any race except a private match, or one in which the competition was confined to members of one club only; or one in which the construction of the boats was restricted. Special cases which do not come within the above definitions of junior oarsmen and scullers, respectively, must be referred to the committee of the regatta for decision on their own merits." 2. The phrase "best and best boats" means that each contestant shall use any boat he chooses.

CRY OF A STRONG MAN.

BY MRS. C. M. FAIRCHILD.

My boat is drifting with the tide,
The noon of life is past,
All silently the waters glide,
And steady stands the mast;
There's now small sign of wreck or storm
Around my bark's strong hold,
Or tracery of the lightning's track
Where threatening billows rolled.
Lo! he who sees me now will say
The light is on the river—
But, mother, I am lost to-day,
I need thee more than ever.

There was a time—oh happy thought—
I felt thy gentle hand,
Ere yet the mariner had brought
My boat from sight of land.
There was a shore I lingered near
A morning and a day,
Ere youth, grown tired of sky too clear
Sailed recklessly away.
But they who see me now will say
The light is on the river—
Oh, mother, I am lost to-day,
I need thee more than ever.

Oh, could one hour of youth come back—
Had I thy gentle hand
To lead me toward the certain track
Where lies my dwelling land—
Ah, stronger than the words of men,
Or gentler ones who smile,
Would be that clasp I've longed to reach
O'er many a weary mile.
For though they look at me and say
The light is on the river—
Dear mother, I am lost to-day,
I need thee more than ever.

I see in dreams thy gentle eyes
Bent on me from above;
I feel their glance of sad surprise—
I know thou wouldst reprove.
For hardened heart and brow so stern,
And face set 'gainst the world—
As Saul's against the song of him
Who fled from javelin hurled;
Lo! he who sees me now may say
The light is on the river;
But, mother, I am lost to-day,
I need thee more than ever.—*Hawkeye.*

The Tiger Tamer:

OR,

THE LEAGUE of the JUNGLE

A TALE OF INDIA.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RESIDENT.

SIR DOUGLAS MCGREGOR was smoking his hookah after breakfast, a short time before sunrise, and while the air was still cool and comfortable. The inhabitants of India, white and black, acquire habits of early rising in that scorching climate, and Sir Douglas was an old Anglo-Indian. He lay in a grass hammock under the broad-spreading veranda, and lazily watched the wreaths of smoke from the bowl of his pipe, when he was startled by an exclamation of terror from one of the native servants that waited near him. The next moment there was a scramble and shuffle of bare feet and the Resident was left alone on the veranda, while the noise of slamming doors showed that the servants had fled into the house and shut the doors on themselves.

Instantly Sir Douglas realized that some danger was at hand, for he knew the cowardly nature of the natives too well to doubt that they had left him to save their own necks.

He sat up in the hammock in amazement, and even his tough nerves winced and the blood stood still at his heart, as he perceived, not twenty feet from him, a huge tiger, slowly waving its tail to and fro, and gazing wistfully at the hammock.

Sir Douglas McGregor was a man of great courage, but he was alone and unarmed. Moreover, the apparition of the tiger came so suddenly, that he had no time to think; and it is no wonder that he turned pale, while the sweat rolled off his forehead in big drops. However, all his fear did not make him lose his presence of mind, so he looked round him with the view of making a rush for the house door before the tiger made an aggressive movement.

He was just drawing up his legs preparatory to a leap, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice said, in the precise labored English of a native gentleman who has learned from books:

"I hope that Sir Douglas McGregor will not allow the presence of my tigress to incommode him. Seevah is quite harmless, unless I bid her be otherwise."

The old Scot turned his head and met the eyes of Govinda, who stood beside the hammock looking down at him. The Resident was too much accustomed to concealing his feelings to allow any token of his recent terror to appear, so he affected to yawn as he answered:

"Oh, is that you? The man Major Charlton spoke of, I suppose. You have a fine animal there. Would you be so good as to call out for my servants? That rascal of a hookah-bearer has run away."

Govinda looked down at the old minister with a dubious sort of smile, and responded:

"I think that for our purposes it shall be advisable to retain the domestics in ignorance of the purport of our conversations, Sir Douglas. You will observe me, that I speak the English as facile as formerly. I did bring with me this tigress of mine on purpose to secure an interview with your excellency that should be entirely undisturbed."

Sir Douglas McGregor turned round and looked at the tiger-tamer from under his shaggy brows for a moment, and then swung himself half out of his hammock muttering:

"You'll have what I please, not what *you* want—"

He had got thus far and his feet were almost on the floor, when Govinda made a signal. In a moment the tigress rushed forward with such an appalling growl and snarl, that Sir Douglas caught up his legs into the hammock with alacrity and dropped the mouthpiece of his long snake-like hookah.

With an air of the most refined politeness, Govinda lifted the mouthpiece and presented the tube to Sir Douglas, calmly observing:

"I beg to assure the Resident that no harm is intended him, but that I prefer that our interview should be entirely private. It is useless to attempt the evasion of my purpose, while Seevah is here."

Sir Douglas showed his coolness by accepting the proffered pipe with a slight bow, after which he puffed away in silence for some minutes, buried in thought. At last he said, in a rather sulky tone:

"Well, what do you want?"

"That is the question for myself to demand of you, Sir Douglas. I was informed by the commandant of the guards at Jagpore that you wished to see me. I am here. What would you?"

"What is your name and who are you?"

"Men call me the King of the Jungle, some Govinda, the Tiger-Tamer."

"But your real name—what is it?"

"Dead, twenty years since."

Sir Douglas started and peered at the other in the gloom of the early dawn.

"What *was* it twenty years since?"

"It was that of a man who hated you English, and never turned his back in battle."

"But for all that, he was beaten, Govinda. He was no coward, but he was a fool. Were he alive now, he would be more sensible, I think."

The tiger-tamer shook his head gloomily.

"Perhaps not. Who can tell the decrees of God? He may come to life again, to the sorrow of you English. What do you wish to say to me? The sun will rise, and I must depart to the jungle—the home to which you and yours have driven me."

"I wish to know whether you will hear reason and be at peace, if you are treated reasonably," said Sir Douglas, raising himself on his elbow. "The fact is that we are getting tired of a person who shall be nameless in a place that you know of, and we do not want to take more territory on our hands. If we support you and forgive the past, will you stick by the British flag?"

Govinda drew back, folded his arms on his broad chest and was silent. Sir Douglas watched him keenly and went on:

"Don't be a fool a second time, but think over it. If you do as I wish you and your child are safe on a throne. Refuse and go back to the jungle to starve, or come out to play the mountebank before the present Rajah of Jagpore."

Govinda's eyes glittered and the old Scot heard the grating of his teeth in the gloom.

"They tell me he has tried to steal your child from you," continued the Resident in a reflective sort of way; "and I hear also that he tried to kill you by setting a wild tiger at you. Now I should say that to a man of your race this life you lead must be tiresome—"

Govinda raised his hand to interrupt him.

"It is *free*, and I am the master. I prefer to be first in the jungle to being second in a palace."

Sir Douglas shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you refuse to promise? It is a matter of little consequence to the Government. I suppose you know that we are aware of your identity with a person whose head is forfeit."

"I know all, Sir Douglas," answered the tiger-tamer, and as he spoke he drew himself up to his full hight. "Your sowars have sought me for years, and I have wandered in the free jungle, where they dared not follow. Alone, under the sun and the stars, I have defied the power of the white lords of India, who stole our heritage by lies and force, assumed as they would best serve your purpose. I have made brethren of the wild beasts, because I found them better friends than men. Your men cannot take me, and you know it."

"Then, in plain words, you refuse to promise."

Sir Douglas's tone was decidedly ill-tempered.

"For the present, yes. I must have time to think."

"Oh, very well—what shall I call you?—Govinda, at present? Very well, take your time and let me know."

"I will return before sunset of to-morrow," said the tiger-tamer, gravely. "If I promise, as you know—"

"You will keep your word—of course. All your race, except one, had the virtue of truth in them. As for him, the less we say about him the better, I think."

Govinda laughed bitterly.

"What! Has the Sahib Commissioner Resident found out his mistake at last? Well, it was time. Had the Company treated me rightly twenty years ago, the people of this unhappy land might be prosperous to-day, and you know it. Peace be unto you."

The tall figure turned and vanished round the corner of the house, just as the first rays of the rising sun began to gild the domes and minarets of Jagpore. Sir Douglas was about to jump up and follow, when he was arrested by a warning growl from the tigress, and discovered that amiable quadruped crouching as if to spring.

"It's clear that our estimable friend does not wish to be dogged," said the Resident to himself as he sunk back in the hammock, when the tigress at once rose to her feet and stood looking anxiously off across the lawn in the direction which Govinda had taken. She did not like the increasing light.

Sir Douglas watched her with some interest to see what she would do, admiring meanwhile the brilliant markings of her sides and the grandly symmetrical form of her body.

Minute after minute passed; the sun rose fully over the horizon, and still the great beast stirred not—till the faint sound of a distant whistle echoed from the back of the house. Then, away like a flash went the tigress, and Sir Douglas leaped from the hammock to follow her. He saw her gallop over the lawn into a bamboo thicket that bordered the garden, and there she vanished.

The old Resident was a keen sportsman and his blood was up. He had felt intensely irritated at the humiliating position in which he had been kept by Govinda and was determined to find out the secret of his retreat at any hazard.

He rushed to the back door of the Residency, kicked and shouted like a maniac till it was opened by the terrified servants, and then dashed into the house, scolding and striking right and left, and shouting for his guns and bearers. A few minutes later, gun in hand, he was tracking the tigress across the garden and followed the trail till it entered the black ground of the burnt jungle.

Just as he was considering about what to do to follow to the best advantage, he heard his name called out, and saw Charlton riding toward him followed by an escort of sowars of the Rajah's guard.

"Glad to see you, major," panted the Resident, who was beginning to lose breath from his unwonted exertions.

While little ones all lightly sleep
Old Father Time begins to chime
The Christmas carols, sweet and deep,
Above the moonlit snow and rime.

Oh, loud he rings above the roofs;
While curly heads in drowsy beds
Half-listen for the reindeer-hoofs
To rattle o'er the frosty leads.

Then, in their sleep they stir, and dream
The sound that steals, the fairy peals
Flung out by Santa Claus's team;
And feel the power of fairy spells.

Pull, pull away, old Father Time!
And let each bell, with gladness, tell
How Christmas Day in Christian clime,
Makes youthful hearts with rapture swell!

"Send a man back for my horse, and let three or four more track this tigress over the ashes. That Govinda's been here, and I want to find him."

"Better leave him alone Sir Douglas," replied Charlton gravely. "I've news for you, sir. The Thugs were after me only yesterday, and Govinda saved my life from them. I've found the names of five in one gang, and Mirza Baba is one of them."

The old Resident desisted from his purpose at once and turned to Charlton with a series of cross-questions that soon elicited the whole of his adventures of the previous day. When the young man had finished, the old one observed:

"You were a foolish young fellow not to bring me that Luchmee you tell of. She's the worst of the lot. Go back to the Rajah, and keep your counsel. I'll have them all now, inside of a week."

CHAPTER XVII.

KHODA'S PLOT.

"*Boppery bop!* how tired I am, Khoda," yawned his Highness the Rajah Ram Sing. "Send for that new Nautch-girl. By the beard of Sultan Baber, she's worth all the dancers of my Zenanah. Send for her at once."

The Rajah had slept off the effects of his last night's potations of "Sham"—*alias* champagne—and he was much in the condition of any other spoiled child who wanted to be amused. Khoda Khan was accustomed to these moods and dexterous in finding sports to divert the attention of his master from business, but this time he was a little at fault.

The Queen of the Nautch-girls had disappeared.

"Your Highness is aware, I suppose," he began, "that the woman was nothing but a free dancer from Delhi, and that she was brought in by the Major Sahib."

"Yes, I know all about it. The Major Sahib is my best friend, Khoda. He brought her here. Where is she?"

"Your Highness will have to ask the Major Sahib," replied Khoda with a significant leer. "He has taken her away again, possibly to enhance her value."

The Rajah Ram Sing started up in his chair, and the veins in his forehead swelled out, as he ejaculated:

"Where is the dog? How dared he? Who am I to be treated like this by a Frank—an infidel—a—a—"

He paused and spluttered with indignation, while Khoda respectfully waited, with his eyes cast down, till his master's wrath should permit a word.

"Where is the Major Sahib?" finally bellowed the Rajah, in tones of intense fury.

"He has gone forth to see the Resident Sahib, my lord," replied the minister, glibly and obsequiously.

This was another stab; for Ram Sing hated Sir Douglas McGregor with a hatred all the more intense that he was dreadfully afraid of the old Resident.

"What is he doing there?" he asked, savagely. "I pay him to stay here, not to bear tales to the Sahib."

"Your Highness is not aware then that this American is a great favorite with the Ingleez Sahib. They see each other almost daily. The major was there yesterday before the jungle fire, and tried to persuade the Sahib Resident that your Highness's court was full of Thugs."

Here Khoda bent his eyes on the floor with an air of pious and saintly resignation that was very affecting.

The Rajah looked startled and frightened.

"Thugs! here in my court! The man must be mad. There are no Thugs left in Hindostan, are there?"

Khoda smiled with a sneering expression.

"How could there be in your Highness's dominions, with the Major Sahib for chief of the guards? The major wished to give the Resident an opportunity to interfere with the rule of your Highness, to break the succession, perhaps."

The Rajah Ram Sing was half angry and half terrified now.

"I want no interference here, and I will have none. I will send this Major Sahib about his business. Whose dog am I to be treated thus? He can leave me to-morrow."

"Your Highness forgets," said the oily tones of Khoda, "that the Sahib Resident has determined that the American must stay with us, whether we will or no. He threatens, if we send him away, to order in a British force and to dismiss your Highness's guards altogether. We cannot get rid of the major *that way.*"

"Then how, in the name of Allah? Oh boppery bop! speak out, Khoda—what mean you?"

"The major *must have an accident*, out hunting," responded the crafty minister, smiling and rubbing his hands. "He told your Highness that it would be well to take a ride daily. I think he was right. Let your Highness order a grand hunt, with the Major Sahib for escort. *He shall never come back.*"

"But how will you manage it, Khoda?"

"Dread lord, *he* says there are Thugs here. Suppose they catch him alone."

"But there are no Thugs in my dominions," urged the Rajah, looking apprehensively round.

Khoda laughed in low sneering tones.

"There are none here, but they can be found if a prince has a minister who is faithful and discreet. Let your Highness order the hunt. I will answer for the Major Sahib."

The Rajah Ram Sing looked half admiringly, half fearfully at Khoda Khan, for that powerful rascal was overmastering, as usual, the weaker scamp. The prince was as yet but a young man in years, though old in dissipation and extravagance. He had been a boy of ten at the time of the mutiny of 1857, and had been put on the throne as a puppet by the East India Company in place of his elder brother, Arjuna, who had joined the rebellion with all his heart and soul, and disappeared at the siege of Delhi in one of the final battles there. It was Sir Douglas McGregor himself who had raised Ram Sing to the throne, principally because of his youth and pliability, but since that day the old Scot had found reason to regret his choice more than once.

The boy had compensated for his weakness of character by exhibiting a fondness for dissipation surprising even in a Rajah of Jagpore, and at twenty-eight years of age resembled a fat man of fifty, thanks to regular morning draughts of ghee or melted buffalo butter, and to evening banquets on champagne and spiced dishes.

This fat, timid, sensual, cruel, tyrannical creature, who could smile at an execution and yet fainted with terror at the sight of a loose tiger, was now as wax in the hands of Khoda.

"You are my preserver," he ejaculated. "Rid me of this impudent American, and you shall have all his savings."

Khoda's eyes sparkled with avarice; for he knew that Charlton, who had once been the Rajah's first favorite, had accumulated a great stock of jewels, which he always carried about him, as if in momentary expectation of leaving the country. Khoda longed for these jewels himself.

"Your Highness *shall* be rid of him, if I am allowed full liberty, but no questions ought to be asked by any one, if the enterprise is to be accomplished successfully."

"Do as you please, Khoda; do as you please. What shall we do to-day?"

"If your Highness permits, I would say that the hunt should be ordered to-day. The Major Sahib will soon be back from his visit to the Residency; if, indeed, the Ingleez Sahib has not made up his mind to keep him for good. Shall I order the hunt?"

"At once, Khoda."

The Rajah's eyes glowed with rage as he moved restlessly about on the divan where he was lolling, while Khoda Khan silently glided from the saloon to give the orders which were to marshal hundreds of men at a few minutes' notice for the hunt.

In the saloon were none left but his slaves with their fans, and the great man had no one to whom to vent his spleen in the form of conversation.

As he lay there, fidgeting and frowning, the clatter of horses' feet in the court-yard of the palace told of the arrival of a mounted party, and the Rajah eagerly exclaimed:

"Who is it! Go and see quick! Are you all asleep?"

A rush of obsequious servants to the window was followed by the report that the "Major Sahib" had arrived.

"Tell him I wish to see him—instantly!" cried

the Rajah, angrily; and then he sunk back on his couch, and waited till Charlton entered the room.

The American came in with a firm step and an air of some *hauteur*, for he was more than ever resolved to brook no oppression from the Rajah.

"Your Highness sent for me—I am here," was his sole greeting, as he stood before the divan.

"Where have you been?" demanded the Prince, in a growl like that of a surly dog.

"I have been to report to the Resident that your Highness's palace is infested with Thugs," was the uncompromising reply, as Charlton looked straight into the Prince's face. It must be remembered that, owing to the signal given by Luchmee, Charlton was fully convinced that the Rajah himself was a Thug.

He was therefore prepared to witness signs of confusion in the other's manner, and was not surprised when Ram Sing stammered:

"Thugs! here in my palace! Impossible! You are mad! The Thugs are all dead long ago."

"To show your Highness that they are not, allow me to say that I was yesterday attacked by a gang of Thugs; that I captured five of them last night; that some confederate of theirs who knows the palace well let them out of their cells; that they strangled a sentry, and, finally, that they attacked me last night, a second time, in my own room."

As Charlton proceeded in his summing up, the Rajah grew paler and paler, and trembled violently.

"In your own room!" he ejaculated. "Why, then, they may come to *me* next!"

"Very possibly, your Highness," answered Charlton, coolly; "unless, indeed, they reverence you as a chief among princes. In that case they would refrain from harming you."

"Yes, yes, probably they would," cried the Rajah, hastily. "Do you think so, major?"

The fat prince was quite innocent and in earnest, but Charlton did not know this. The American thought that he was being imposed on, so he replied:

"I feel certain of it your Highness. Nevertheless, as I do not wish to be strangled myself, I have informed the Resident, and given him the names of the men who are abroad and the men I suspect."

The Rajah looked nervous.

"And what is the Resident Sahib, going to do?"

"He has taken measures to find them *all*, your Highness,"—with a strong emphasis on the "all"—"and within a few days we expect to wipe out the stain of Thuggee from the dominions of Jagpore."

"I hope so, I hope so," spluttered the Rajah, hastily. "The wretches ought to be punished—certainly, certainly—Where's Khoda? What has become of him?"

"The Vizier was in the court-yard giving orders as I passed in, your Highness."

"True, true. We are going hunting, major. You know you recommended me to ride every day for my health. Khoda has persuaded me to go hunting to-day, so you must get out your escort at once."

"Certainly, your Highness; but you will allow me to say that, had I known we were going out, I could have ordered the beaters to their posts before sunrise."

"*My* subjects are ready to go to their posts at any time, major," said the Rajah, tartly; and he turned away his face with a look of great relief as Khoda Khan, obsequious as ever, glided into the room, for the Prince did not like to be left alone with Charlton long.

The American, obedient to the orders he had received, left the presence of the Rajah, and in so doing passed the Vizier. Khoda Khan salaamed with an air of the utmost courtesy; but there was the same exasperating smile on his lip which Charlton had observed on the day when Govinda tamed the tiger in the palace court. However, he said nothing, and Charlton was compelled to swallow his anger as he left the room.

As soon as he was gone, the Rajah turned eagerly to Khoda Khan, and said in a trembling voice:

"He has been to the Resident, and he says there are Thugs here. Is there any danger, Khoda?"

"None to your Highness. If there are Thugs here, be sure they know their master and kill none without orders."

"But they killed a sentry of my guard, Khoda."

"It may be necessary to kill another, before we have ended our task, your Highness, but they should be proud to die to serve their master."

And Khoda Khan laughed sneeringly.

[To be continued—commenced in No. 1.]

HEARTS AT HOME.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

When dear ones sever, long to part,
And sighs from bosoms steal,
Oh, why can not the absent heart
Have all those sighs to feel?
It would not weep to know them all,
'Twere sweet to share each throe,
For kindred spirits woo the call
To balm affection's woe.

How many hearts are distant now,
Where sighs nor words can fly!—
Who dream but of a parting vow,
Or hope's bright beaming eye!
The music of the vow still sounds,
Tho' faint has grown hope's lyre,
The pulse with lessened vigor bounds,
And eyes with watching tire.

Would that the mind could waft afar
Its messenger of grief—
Let others share the sighs that are,
And mingle with relief.
How many myriad thoughts! And how
They perish as they come!—
Too frail to pen, but aching now
In sighing hearts at home!

Under Russian Escort.

"No, no, thank you! Never mind me! I can find my way well enough to the Nobles' Club on foot, and I'll wait for you there, if you like, Ladislas, after you have seen the ladies safely home."

So saying, I wrapped my furred coat more closely around me, and lifting my hat in parting salutation to the occupants of the carriage, turned away. The blackness of the night, as I traversed the wide, ill-lighted streets, seemed all the darker by contrast with the bright, warm theater from which I had just emerged. The crisp snow crackled beneath my feet, and a few drops of premonitory sleet lashed my face as I set out, and gave warning of a coming storm, while the cold was intense: more bitter as it seemed to me than any which I had experienced during the two winters I had spent in the Russian capital. My own name was Hugh Forster, and I had just completed a two years' probation in the counting-house of the wealthy St. Petersburg firm of which my father was the chief London partner, and was now on my return home. I had, however, accepted an invitation from a young Polish noble, with whom I was on intimate terms, to visit him at Warsaw on my homeward route, and to act as what in England is familiarly known as "best man" on the occasion of his wedding. The name of this young Pole was Count Ladislas Poniatowski; the marriage was to take place on the morrow; and I had just accompanied the bride and bridegroom elect, with the old Princess Sapieha, aunt to my friend, and mother to Mademoiselle Marie, to the theater; where an unusually good performance had attracted half Warsaw.

The carriage lamps flashed past me as the long line of equipages drove rapidly off, moving over the snow with that swift, silent motion, which always appears so strange and ghostly to a traveler familiar with the rattle of wheels over a stone pavement, and the sleet began to fall more thickly. Suddenly it occurred to me that I was followed. Two tall figures, muffled up with even more precaution than the sharp cold dictated, appeared to dog my steps, regulating their pace by mine, and keeping always at the same distance from me, whatsoever my rate of progression. Thinking I might be mistaken I sauntered so that the tall men might have a chance of passing me. Those behind me also diminished their speed. I stepped out briskly, but in vain. My pursuers were not to be shaken off.

It did not occur to me that my pertinacious followers were thieves. Street robberies, once unheard of, are still rare within the Russian dominions. I was more inclined to believe this pursuit was a mere freak of some half intoxicated idlers, and, knowing the magical effect of politeness on the excitable Sarmatian nature, I turned so as to front the two men, and, with ceremonious civility, raised my hat.

"My lords," I said, in the best Polish I could muster—every wearer of a cloth coat is "my lord" in Warsaw or Cracow—"I fear you have mistaken—"

"No mistake at all!" interrupted the taller of the two, speaking in French. "We know you, monsieur. Call them, Imkoff!"

His companion raised his fingers to his mouth, and gave a long, shrill whistle. It was answered instantly, and then came the sound of hurrying feet and the clash of weapons, and I was surrounded and seized by several men, some of whom were evidently police, while the others were soldiers in gray watch-coats.

"Gag him if he calls for help!" commanded the first speaker, opening his own mantle, and showing the uniform and medaled-breast of a Russian major. "Where loiters the sledge?"

As he spoke, my ear caught the jingle of Valdai bells, and a troitka—a sledge drawn by three horses—came swiftly up. What wild horsemen, with their fur caps and sheepskin pelisses, a long lance tucked under each right arm, were those who rode to left and right of it? Cossacks, surely.

"In the emperor's name!" said the major, putting his gloved hand on my shoulder, and pushing me toward the sledge.

Stupefied for a moment, I now found my tongue, and vigorously remonstrated, telling my captors that I was an Englishman, a peaceful traveler, and guiltless of any offense. My plea was received with utter incredulity.

"We are not your dupes, count," said the officer who had been called Imkoff. "You had better give your parole not to attempt resistance, or force us to use violence. In the long journey which—"

"Are you mad, or by what right—" began I, boiling with passion, and making a desperate effort to shake myself free, but, though I dealt a few heavy blows, I was soon overpowered by superior numbers, my wrists were manacled, and I was flung into the troitka, with a policeman at my side.

"Bon voyage!" sneered the major as I was dragged away. "Hotter blood than his has cooled, I warrant you, between Siberia and this."

Siberia! The dreadful word sent a chill through my veins, and almost caused me to become insensible to the rapid motion through the air, for the carriage had now started, and at such a pace that the Cossacks of the escort were compelled to keep their wiry little nags at a hand-gallop. As we flew through the deserted streets, and long after the suburbs were cleared and the lights of Warsaw were lost to sight, I continued to ponder over the strange event, and to puzzle myself by vain efforts to guess why I, an Englishman, quite free from political complications of any sort, had been thus suddenly consigned to exile. I had heard of such arrests, but never of a foreigner, still less of a British subject, as their victim.

"This is Stainslawow," said a voice that I had heard before, speaking in French, as the carriage drew up at the door of a low-roofed post-house, and a fresh relay of horses were harnessed and put to. "And now, count, if you will take my advice, and promise to abstain from useless resistance, I shall be happy to give orders for the removal of that chain around your wrists. Come, come, sir, I make all allowance for your excitement at the outset of the affair, and do not desire to cause you needless annoyance. Should you refuse, your irons must remain on until the governor of Minsk—"

"Minsk!" I repeated, half stupefied.

The junior of the two officers who had arrested me, and who stood beside his reeking horse, smiled.

"It is the nearest fortified place which you will pass," he said; "for I need not tell you, Count Ladislas, that we are anxious to get you safe across the Bug, and out of Poland. Will you give your parole?"

And then flashed upon me, all at once, the key to the enigma that had perplexed me. I had been arrested in the place of my friend and entertainer, whom I suspected, rather than knew, to be mixed up in one of those wide-spreading conspiracies in which Poles are so often concerned, and whose heart, I was aware, was better than his head. As the glare of the torches fell upon us, I could even guess the cause of the mistake, for in the hurry of leaving the theater I had put on the count's loose overcoat of rich sables instead of my own, while in hight and figure we were much alike. I had the presence of mind to repress the indignant protest as to my nationality, which was on my lips.

"I will give my parole, since you ask it," I said, concealing my face as if to hide my emotion, and the chain which fettered my hands was at once removed.

"It will no longer, count, be necessary that an officer should accompany you," said Lieutenant Imkoff, civilly. "Will you drink some brandy before starting? The night is cold, and the stage a long one."

I shook my head, and made no articulate reply, glad as I should have been of the proposed dram of coarse brandy, and chilled as I was by the unusual exposure to the keen night wind. But I feared to show my face, lest the mistake should be found out too soon for my friend's safety. The driver clutched the reins, while a grim Cossack corporal took his seat beside me, in the place lately occupied by the Warsaw police agent. The other troopers were in their saddles.

"Forward, there! Push on, men!" cried the lieutenant, in Russian, and off we set, amidst howling wind and whirling snow-flakes.

It was not until Stanislawow was left behind, and I and my wild guards were far on the road, that I began to reflect that, in providing for the security of Count Ladislas, I had perhaps seriously compromised my own. My stratagem had succeeded. My first captors were convinced that it was the rich young Polish landowner whom they had dispatched on the dismal journey to Siberia; and in all likelihood the marriage next morning would take place without interruption, and the newly-wedded pair start for Italy, unsuspicious of the danger which had threatened their happiness with shipwreck at the very outset of life's voyage. Could I but keep up the deception for another twenty-four hours, Ladislas and his bride would be safe across the frontier.

But what would become of me, or how would the Russian authorities regard the author of their discomfiture? True, I had been arrested in sheer ignorance of the blunder which promised to be so profitable to my friend; but I had had a fair chance of declaring who I was, and had chosen willfully, it might be said, to mislead the imperial police. I had heard—most residents in Russia have heard—ugly stories as to what can be done in Muscovy, when it is no longer needful to hide the hand of steel with the glove of velvet. Yet I resolved to play out my part so long as I deemed it indispensable to the safety of Count Ladislas, and manfully addressed myself to confront the hardships of the long and arduous journey that lay before me.

That terrible night, and the dark and stormy day that followed it—I think of them yet as some hideous dream; of the snow, the cutting blasts, the toil to force a way through the drifts, the black pine-woods, the mounted escort, exchanged, at every second stage, for fresh Cossacks, and the intensity of the cold, which so benumbed my limbs that, when Minsk was reached, I could not stand, and had to be carried into the presence of the governor, the frozen effigy of a man. Feebly I made my protest. I was Hugh Forster, a British subject. I had broken no law, infringed no rule. I claimed my liberty, and, after a most severe cross-examination, and a detention of three days, I obtained it, but only in a qualified form, being sent back, under escort, to Warsaw, and thence, after a rigorous course of questioning, conducted to the frontier.

"Lucky for you, Mr. Forster," said the superior officer of the police, who had kept me in his charge, as I stepped into the railway carriage, with my through ticket to London between my fingers, "that you are a British subject."

I thought so too, but augured well for the safety of Count Poniatowski from the very fact of the irritation the authorities displayed; and indeed, a year afterward I had the pleasure of receiving the hearty thanks of my friend and his beautiful wife, on the occasion of their visit to England. There had been, I understood, much dismay, and no small apprehensions, when I had been missing at the marriage ceremony, but fortunately bride and bridegroom were out of Russia before the mistake was discovered, and it was not difficult for the count, who henceforth abjured politics, to make his peace with the czar. I have never been in Russia since.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

EDITED BY HENRY CHADWICK.

Base-ball.

The declared objects of the National League of Professional Base-ball Clubs as stated in their constitution, are first "to make base-ball playing respectable and honorable"; and secondly "to protect the mutual interests of professional base-ball clubs and players."

To accomplish these objects there must be stringent penalties for the three prominent evils connected with the professional club playing, and these evils are crooked play, drunkenness, and players betting on games. In the punishment for these offenses there should be a gradation of penalties from the most heinous offense to the most venial. As it is now in the League there is no discrimination in the penalty inflicted, inasmuch as a player is equally liable to expulsion whether he sells a game, gets drunk, breaks his contract or disobeys orders. So says Sec. 5 of Article 5 of the League constitution. Now this is a very bad policy to pursue, to say nothing of its injustice. In 1877 Hall, Devlin and Nichols were justly expelled from the Louisville League club for openly confessed dishonest play, and Craver for "suspected crookedness" and open disobedience of orders. This past season Nolan of the League club of Indianapolis was 'expelled' for disobedience of orders; and in the International arena—in which League rules prevail—Mathews was expelled for drunkenness as was Leary of the Manchester club. Here it will be seen not the slightest discrimination was shown in the infliction of the penalties for offenses as different as possible. The decision in the case of the Louisville players was just and proper. Every "crooked" or dishonest player should be expelled from every reputable club or association and debarred from forever being employed in a professional club. But it is very different in the case of a player guilty of mere disobedience of orders or even of drunkenness. Both are offenses which are necessary to be put down, but they are not offenses which should exclude a player from future employment.

In fact, while expulsion is a just penalty for dishonesty it is unjust in the other cases, and the League at its last Convention should have changed the law so as to make expulsion a penalty only applicable to dishonest players; for crooked play is a blow aimed at the very life of professional organizations. In the cases of Mathews and Leary both players were afterward reinstated on giving evidence of reformation; but the severe penalty of expulsion was not warranted in either case, no more than it was in Nolan's case whose offense was but insubordination. If a player gets drunk, let him feel the penalty through his pocket. Dismiss him with forfeited pay, or fine him so many weeks' pay. So in the case of disobedience of orders, let them feel that it "won't pay" to do such things, by fining them heavily, but do not place such comparatively minor offenses in the same category with such rascality as that committed by the Louisville fellows in 1877 by making the penalty equal.

An effort is being made to elicit sympathy on behalf of James A. Devlin, the expelled pitcher of the Louisville nine of 1877, who has a wife and child in Canada, it is said, whom he is unable adequately to provide for. Unfortunately for this player there is a principle involved which is of too vital importance to the future welfare of any professional association to disregard, no matter what the circumstances may be which are likely to elicit sympathy for an offender against honest play. Unless the rule of expelling dishonest players is strictly carried out by every professional association, it will be impossible to insure honest service in the professional arena in the face of the temptations which exist. But let it once be understood that any player found guilty of fraudulent play will be debarred from further employment in any professional nine of repute, and "crooked" play will soon be among the things that were. We feel sorry for Devlin's family, and sorry that he should have been tempted to do as he has done, but in justice to the honest class of the fraternity and for the best interests of professional players as a class, it will not do to reinstate any convicted player, and therefore the fraternity may as well bid good-by to the quartette of expelled players of 1877. Either that or a return to the old rotten system of the period from 1870 to 1876 and '77, when there was not a season which was not marked by crookedness.

The Buffalo *Express* says:

"From time to time during the season, *The Express* has mentioned the efforts of James A. Devlin, the expelled "crooked" pitcher of last year's Louisville club, to be reinstated into the League and International Associations. All of his attempts in the direction of the League were fruitless, and as a finale of his history as a League player, President Hurlbert, of that organization, notified him at Chicago, this summer, that as long as he (Hurlbert) had anything to do with the League, he (Devlin) should never receive a reinstatement, and he advised him to look to some other source for a living. Defeated in this section, he next turned his attention to the International Association. During the summer he called upon every member of the Judiciary Committee of that organization, and endeavored to persuade them to work in his favor. He also sent in a petition to that committee asking for a reinstatement. After some delay the committee have given their decision. The vote in the matter stood as follows: Messrs. Spaulding, of Buffalo, and Kelly, of the Manchesters, negative; Messrs. Lynch, of Utica, and Waitt, of St. Louis, affirmative; and Mr. Butler, of Lowell, refused to have anything to do with the subject."

All honor to Messrs. Spaulding, Kelly and Butler for their action in this important matter.

New Base-ball Rules.

We have not space this week to do more than give the wording of the new amendments made in the rules of the game at the recent League Convention, and they are as follows:

Section 1 of Rule III now reads:

"The pitcher's position shall be within a space of ground four feet wide by six feet in length, the front line of which shall be distant forty-five feet from the center of the home-base, and the center of the square shall be equidistant from the first and third bases. Each corner of the square shall be marked by a flat iron plate or stone, six inches square, fixed in the ground even with the surface."

Section 13 of Rule IV now reads thus: "The batsman shall be declared out by the umpire as follows:

"If a fair or foul ball be caught before touching the ground or any object other than the player, provided it be not caught in the player's hat or cap.

"If a fair ball be securely held by a fielder while touching first base with any part of his person, before the base-runner touches said base.

"If, after three strikes have been called, he fails to touch first base before the ball is legally held there.

"If, after three strikes have been called, the ball be caught before touching the ground.

"If he plainly attempts to hinder the catcher from catching the ball, evidently without effort to make a fair strike, or makes a 'foul strike.'"

Section 15 of Rule V. reads thus:

"Any player running the bases shall be declared out if, at any time, while the ball is in play, he be touched by the ball in the hand of a fielder, without some part of his person is touching a base. The ball must be held by the fielder after touching the runner.

"If a ball be held by a fielder on the first-base before the base-runner, after hitting a fair ball, touches at base, he shall be declared out.

"Any base-runner failing to touch the base he runs for shall be declared out if the ball be held by a fielder while touching said base, before the base-runner returns and touches it.

"Any base-runner who shall in any way interfere with or obstruct a fielder while attempting to catch a fair fly-ball or a foul ball, shall be declared out. If he willfully obstructs a fielder from fielding a ball he shall be declared out, and, if a batted fair ball strike him, no base nor run shall be scored on such ball, but each base-runner shall be allowed to return to the base he left when the ball was hit without being put out.

"If a base-runner in running from home to first-base shall run inside the foul line, or more than three feet outside of it, he shall be declared out."

Section 4 of Rule V was amended by striking out the last words, namely, "the visiting club shall select the umpire," and substituting a clause providing that instead, when the chosen umpire is not on hand, the captains of the opposing clubs shall toss for the choice of umpire. This will obviate the Dean business practiced by the Indianapolis Club on the Cincinnatis last year.

In Rule VII a clause was incorporated providing that when an umpire imposes a fine upon a player the fine cannot be revoked. This was done to remedy the evil of forgiveness, which swayed the umpires last year. Out of all fines imposed, only one was enforced during the year 1878.

By Harry Wright's suggestion, the rules on umpiring were changed so that the umpire must call every unfair ball delivered from one to nine, and the ninth one shall entitle the batter to his base. This is no radical change except that, instead of calling every third unfair ball, the umpire calls every one up to nine.

The rule abolishing all foul-bound catches, and also the bound-catch from three strikes, was adopted by the votes of the Boston, Syracuse, Buffalo and Cleveland Clubs, the Chicago voting no and Cincinnati on neither side.

Section 3 of Rule III was amended by the addition of a clause, proposed by Mr. Johnson, that the umpire may fine the pitcher from $10 to $50, at his discretion, as a penalty for purposely hitting a batsman.

Figure Skating on the Ice.

The Skating Congress of 1868, the last that was held, adopted a code of rules for figure skating contests, which comprise twenty-six sections.

They were originally prepared by Mr. Eugene B. Cook, an enthusiastic votary of skating, who took great pains to establish a permanent code of rules for skating contests, which he has fully succeeded in doing. The rules are as follows:

No. 1. Plain Forward and Backward Movement.—This is simply the plainest form of skating, and the step taken is a short one in comparison to that of the outside roll.

No. 2. Lap Foot—as in the Field Step and in Cutting a Circle.—This is the movement preliminary to the acquirement of the outside edge roll. It consists of a series of forward steps in which one foot laps over the other, thereby obliging the skater to form a circle.

No. 3. Outside Edge Roll Forward—By this the skater makes almost half a circle, while leaning alternately to the right and left on the outer edge of his skate. It is one of the easiest and most graceful of the programme figures.

No. 4. Outside Edge Roll Backward—This is the same style of movement made while going backward. In doing both of these rolls the skater, at the finish of each roll, changes the edge slightly so as to obtain the necessary impetus for the roll on the other side.

No. 5. Inside Edge Roll Forward—This is the same form of roll as the outer edge, as regards the extent of the circle, only it is made on the inside edge. It is in fact an extension of the plain forward movement, substituting half circles on the inside instead of a short and nearly straight cut.

No. 6. Inside Edge Roll Backward—This is the same movement done backward. It is more difficult to accomplish than the outer edge backward, the loss of balance being easier.

No. 7.—The Cross Roll Forward.—This is simply an extension of the lap foot movement—a sort of reverse of the outside edge roll, in one respect. It is the primary movement in learning most of the difficult figures which follow it.

No. 8.—The Cross Roll Backward.—The same movement, only in a more difficult form, being done backward.

No. 9.—Change of Edge Roll, Forward—beginning either on outside or inside edge.—This enables the skater to make a double curved line, the one following the outside edge roll half-circle being made on the other side by a dextrous turn of the foot from one edge to the other. The two lines thus made form the outside lines of an oblong figure of eight.

No. 10.—Change of Edge Roll, Backward.—This is the same, except in its being a backward movement and more difficult in balancing on the change.

The above are the essential rules in learning to become a good skater.

Rackets.

The New York Racket Club court was the scene of a very interesting series of matches at English Rackets on December 10th, 12th and 13th, on the occasion of a trial of professional skill between the markers of the Quebec and New York Racket Clubs. The former, Harry Boakes, is an English player of note, well known as a professor of the game in the London Racket Club courts. More recently he was engaged as the professional of the Quebec Club, where he is still the marker. John Mahon is a Canadian, and has played in the Montreal Club. He is the successor of Keating, who was formerly in the New York Club court as professional, and now is the player of Hicks's court in Hoboken. Mahon has shown marked improvement in his play this season, and, though he was previously defeated by Keating, it was expected that he would give Boakes trouble to beat him.

The first day's play was a regular match before a select and fashionable assemblage, and the result was an easy victory for the English player, despite the fact that Mahon showed some very fine play. It was, on the whole, the best display of racket-playing seen in this city for years. Boakes exhibiting masterly skill alike in "service" and "returns," and especially in recovery. The full score is given below:

GAMES.

1	Boakes	1 0 2 0 4 1 0 2 0 1 4—15.
	Mahon	0 0 0 0 3 0 0 1 0 0—4.
2	Boakes	4 4 0 0 1 1 1 2 3 0 1 0—16.
	Mahon	6 1 4 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 3—18.
3	Boakes	0 3 0 2 4 1 0 2 0 0 2 1—15.
	Mahon	0 0 2 1 0 2 4 2 0 1 0—12.
4	Boakes	2 0 7 2 0 0 0 4—15.
	Mahon	1 0 0 2 0 0 4—7.
5	Boakes	4 9 0 1 1—15.
	Mahon	8 0 3 0—11.

Total aces—Boakes	76	Mahon	52
Aces by service—Boakes	26	Mahon	22
Aces by returns—Boakes	50	Mahon	30
Hands put out—Boakes	48	Mahon	48
Fouls—Boakes	5	Mahon	7

Highest score in single innings—Boakes, 9; Mahon, 8. Blank scores—Boakes, 18; Mahon, 23. Time of match, 1h. Umpires, Messrs. Soutter and Smith. Referee, Mr. La Montagne.

The second trial was an exhibition affair before invited guests, and though Boakes gave odds he won four out of six games played.

The last match of the series was played at the Club Court on Sixth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, on December 12th. It being ladies' day and a special occasion the galleries of the court were graced by an attendance of the beauty and fashion of New York society, which seemed to have a very exciting effect on the contestants, for they both played throughout in the very best style of the art.

The match on this occasion was the best three in five games. On Monday but five games in all were played, but on Wednesday six had to be finished before Boakes could win. On the 12th five games settled the match, but the contest was a close one throughout. No such racket-playing has ever been seen in the court before, even with such skilled experts as the New York Club can now present. The full score of the match is as follows:

FIRST GAME.	
Mahon	0 0 0 3 0 2 0 1 0 2 0 2 1—11
Boakes	2 0 3 0 0 0 2 1 0 2 0 4 1—15
SECOND GAME.	
Boakes	2 1 0 2 0 0 3 3—11
Mahon	4 0 0 0 0 1 1 9—15
THIRD GAME.	
Mahon	0 0 6 0 4 0 1 1 1 0 2—15
Boakes	0 0 2 0 0 1 0 2 1 2 0— 8
FOURTH GAME.	
Mahon	1 1 1 0 2 0 1 5 0 0 0 0—11
Boakes	0 1 6 2 0 0 0 3 1 0 1 1—15
FIFTH GAME.	
Boakes	1 3 0 1 4 0 0 2 2 2—15
Mahon	0 2 3 0 1 0 3 2 1 0—12

	Boakes.	Mahon.
Aces by service	25	21
Aces by returns	39	43
Totals	64	64

Referee—Mr. Smith, of the New York Club.
Time—One hour and five minutes.

The total score of the three matches is as follows:

	Boakes.	Mahon.
Won games	11	5
Lost games	5	11
Total aces by service	69	58
Total aces by returns	138	106
Total aces scored	207	164

After the match there was another contest consisting of a four-handed match, best two out of three, in which Messrs. Boakes and Lockhart were matched against Mahon and Moore. Some very lively work was done in this encounter, but Mahon and Moore—the latter showing up in excellent form—proved too strong for the other two, as the score below shows:

Mahon and Moore	15	15	10	15—55
Boakes and Lockhart	8	8	15	6—37

This ended the series of matches which have resulted in quite an interest being raised in regard to English rackets.

Billiards.

A grand international billiard tournament will be held at the Cooper Union, commencing on Monday, January 14, and will terminate on the following Saturday. The players will be Sexton, Rudolphe, Slosson, Garnier, Daly, Dion, Schaefer, and either Gallagher, of St. Louis, or Randolph Heiser, of Boston.

CHESS.

CHESS PLAYERS' DIRECTORY.

New York Chess Rooms.—Café Engel, No. 356 Bowery.

Turner Hall Chess Club.—Nos. 66 and 68 East Fourth street.

New York Chess Club.—Café Cosmopolitan, No. 1 1-2 Second avenue.

Manhattan Chess Club.—Café Logeling, No. 49 Bowery.

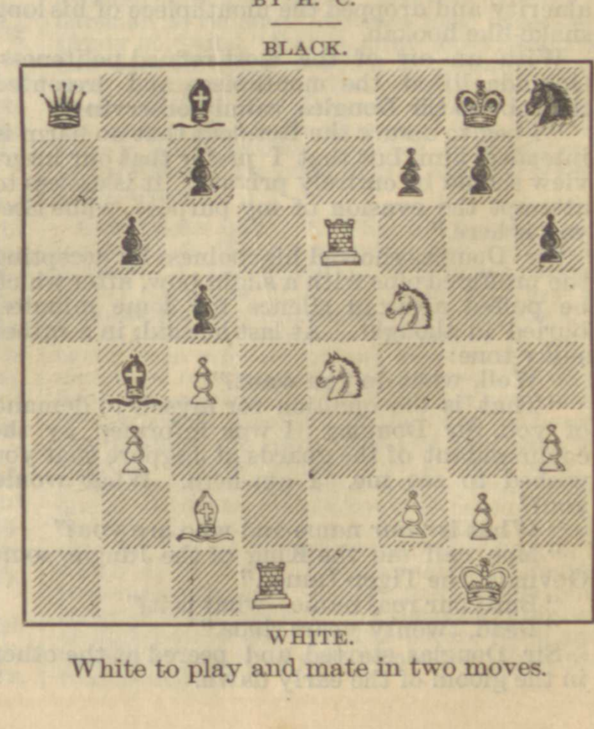
The Brooklyn Chess Club meets daily in the Brooklyn Library Building, Montague street.

Williamsburg Philidor Chess Club.—Turn Hall, 71 and 73 Meserole street. Meets for play on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

PROBLEM No. 6.

BY H. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

A Brilliant Game.

We give below the score of a game played by our American chess-player, Mason, against Captain Mackenzie in the Paris Tourney.

Mr. Steinitz, in his letters to the London *Field*, says of this game: "The termination was so brilliant that it marks the game as one of the finest that ever occurred in a great contest."

The following is the score:

WHITE. Capt. M.	BLACK. Mr. M.
1. P. K. 4	1. P. K. 3
2. P. Q. 4	2. P. Q. 4
3. Q. Kt. B. 3	3. K. Kt. B. 3
4. P. takes P.	4. P. takes P.
5. Kt. K. B. 3	5. B. Q. 3
6. B. Q. 3	6. Castles
7. Castles	7. Q. Kt. B. 3
8. B. K. Kt. 5	8. Kt. K. 2 (a)
9. B. takes Kt.	9. P. takes B.
10. Kt. K. R. 4	10. K. Kt. 2 (b)
11. Q. K. R. 5	11. R. R.
12. P. K. B. 4	12. P. Q. B. 3
13. R. B. 3	13. Kt. Kt. 3
14. Q. R. K. B.	14. Q. Q. B. 2
15. Kt. K. 2	15. B. Q. 2
16. Kt. Kt. 3	16. Q. R. K. Kt.
17. Q. R. 6 (ch.)	17. K. takes Q.
18. Kt. (R. 4) B. (ch.)	18. B. takes Kt.
19. Kt. takes B. (ch.)	19. K. R. 4
20. P. Kt. 4. (ch.)	20. K. takes P.
21. R. Kt. 3 (ch.)	21. K. R. 4
22. B. mates.	

Time, 1 3-4 hours.

The Captain's notes are as follows:

(a) In the second game between Blackburne and Zukertort, in the seventh round, Mr. Blackburne made this move in a precisely similar position. In his notes to that game, Steinitz points out the course of play which White must adopt, to win—the same as that taken by Capt. M. here.

(b.) Kt. Kt. 3 is much to be preferred.

We cannot give better advice to our Chess students than to take out their boards, play this game through as above, and discuss the why and wherefore of every move. It will teach them more of Chess than a dozen games at will.

Chess Notes.

By an arrangement, which has just been effected, the Philadelphia Library Company will subscribe one-half of the $3,000 necessary to secure the valuable Chess library of the late Professor George Allen, and the University of Pennsylvania Chess Club the other half. The library is to be placed in the Ridgway Building, at Broad and Christian streets, Philadelphia.

Athletics.

Hare and Hounds Clubs.

The following letter explains itself:

"New York, Dec. 10th, 1878.

"Editor of The Young New Yorker:

"Dear Sir—We saw in your issue of the 9th inst., a suggestion in regard to the formation of clubs for playing the old English game of 'Hare and Hounds.' We are anxious to join any club in this city that may be already started, or is in process of organization, by boys of our own age, viz.: 16 years. Any information in regard to such a club will be thankfully received by yours, most respectfully,

"George Benze and
"Frederick Jaehl.

"P.S.—We are employed at A. T. Stewart & Co's."

We are glad to receive this letter, inasmuch as it heralds the revival of a very fascinating and valuable sport. For the sake of Messrs. Benze and Jaehl, and thousands of others in the same case, we will say a few words on Hare and Hounds Clubs.

There need be no trouble in forming such a club anywhere. Do not wait for some one else, but start one at once yourselves if you only have half a dozen members. Once begun, the club will increase rapidly. In a house like that of A. T. Stewart & Co., which employs hundreds of young men, it ought not to be hard to find a dozen or twenty of the same age willing to join a Hare and Hounds Club. Go to your friends then, and get them to meet together next Saturday afternoon, organize a club, choose officers, and lay out the ground for a run next week. You will need a captain, two lieutenants, or "whippers-in," to keep the Hounds together, and two Hares. The captain can act as president at your business meetings, and we would suggest a regular organization and small dues, to pay for official correspondence. Take only members who live near each other, for convenience of meetings; choose a simple uniform; then go ahead and have your first run as soon as possible. To excite emulation it might be well for your club to call itself the "Stewart Hare and Hounds Club," and to get up a race between your organization and one made up of the employees of some other great dry-goods house, like Arnold & Constable, Jaffray's, Claflin's, etc. We hope to hear of such clubs and races before January, so that the merits of the respective Hares and Hounds may be decided—for a week at least.

The following letter, received since the above was in type, is also of great interest in this connection:

"New York, Dec. 13th, 1878.

"Editor Young New Yorker:

"Allow me to congratulate you on the success of your paper, and, at the same time, to thank you for your very accurate description of the first chase of the 'Westchester Hare and Hounds.' I am a member of that organization, as also a member of the 'Harlem Athletic Club,' and can speak from experience, when I say that if all young men and boys were to take your advice and form athletic clubs, or employ their spare hours in out-door exercise, they would find that it pays better than to join numerous social clubs, such as this city abounds with, and pass their time in confined club-rooms, smoking cigars and drinking beer. The next chase of the W. H. H. comes off on Christmas Day. We expect to have a glorious run of some twenty miles across the country, and I shall try and send you a description of the chase. Renewing my wish for the welfare of your valuable paper,

"I remain, dear sir, yours respectfully,
"'Hound.'"

We can assure all the "Hounds," as well as the "Hares," that The Young New Yorker intends to be represented at that Christmas meet, at all events at the start. As the editor does not as yet feel competent to follow the whole twenty miles promised by "Hound," he will be compelled to trust to the unimpeached honor of the pack for a full description of the hardest part of the run.

New York Athletic Club.

The second annual winter meeting of the New York Athletic Club will be held on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3d and 4th, 1879, at Gilmore's Garden. The programme will be as follows:

First Evening.—1, 75 yards run, trials; 2, 440 yards run, trials; 3, mile walk to those who have never beaten 8:30, trials; 4, 75 yards run, second trials; 5, amateur tug of war, trial pulls, open to teams of ten men; 6, 220 yards run, trial; 7, one-mile run; 8, 440 yards hurdle race, ten hurdles, 2 feet six inches; 9, 220 yards final; 10, Seventh Regiment tug of war, trial pulls, open to teams of six men.

Second Evening.—1, 75 yards run, final; 2, 440 yards run, final; 3, professional tug of war, trial pulls, teams of five men; 4, the one-mile walk (8:30), final; 5, 220 yards hurdle race, two hurdles, 2 feet six inches; 6, Seventh Regiment tug of war, final pulls; 7, two-mile walk; 8, half-mile run; 9, professional tug of war, final pulls; 10, bicycle race, two miles; 11, amateur tug of war, final pulls.

Medals will be given to first, second and third in each game, excepting the tug of war, where a prize will be given to each member of the winning team. An entrance fee (not returnable) of $1 per man, for each and every game, must accompany all entries, and in case an entry is accepted, the person entering will receive a competitor's ticket, which admits him both evenings. Entrance fee for each amateur tug of war team, $5. Three substitutes allowed. Dress must consist of shirt and loose drawers to the knee. No person will be allowed to compete unless properly attired. This rule will be strictly enforced. No competitor will be allowed to enter under a false name, and the right to refuse or strike out any entry is reserved. Members of athletic or rowing associations, unless known to the club, will be required to furnish a certificate of membership, and any person not a member of a recognized club must be properly introduced by some well-known person who can vouch for his being an amateur. Tug of war teams must represent some club or association. Persons entering for the handicap games are requested to send their record, also their address. An amateur is a person who has never competed in an open competition, or for a stake, or for public money, or for admission money, or with professionals for a prize, public money, or admission money; nor has ever, at any period of his life, taught or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood.

The professional tug is international, and will be for a purse of money. As nearly all who enter will do so without any training, want of condition should not prevent persons from taking part. A special pedestrian track, one-eighth of a mile, will be built, heated dressing-rooms will be provided and everything possible will be done for the comfort and convenience of competitors. A section will be set aside for competitors to witness the games. No communication will receive attention unless addressed to the club box, and all persons are particularly requested not to call upon the officers of the club at their places of business.

Entries will close on Thursday, December 26th, and must be addressed to the Secretary, New York Athletic Club, post-office box 3,101 New York City.

We hope to see the readers of The Young New Yorker well represented.

Lady Walkers.

The ladies are coming to the front as walkers, since Bertha Von Hillern set them a good example. Miss May Marshall, who was defeated by Miss Von Hillern in their first match, some years ago, has greatly improved in style and action, and has just beaten an opponent of no mean pretensions. Daniel Carroll, of Warren, Pa., challenged her to a hundred-mile-walk, which began at midnight of December 12th, at Jamestown, New York. Miss May beat him at the end of twenty-three hours and a half by one lap of the course, having gained on him steadily after the fiftieth mile.

Next comes Madame Ada Anderson, from England, who started on Monday, Dec. 16th, to walk 2,700 quarter-miles in 2,700 consecutive quarter-hours, in Brooklyn. She has already done the same thing in England. The feat will occupy 26 days.

Assaults at Arms.

The New York Athletic Club announces that it will give some time next February "a grand assault at arms, comprising the amateur championships in sparring at the different weights, fencing with foils, bayonet *versus* saber, broadswords, and probably special purses for professional boxers. The entertainment will take place in a large hall or theater."

This entertainment can be made very attractive if the club steers clear of the objectionable features which attended its meeting last year. The sparring contests on that occasion were allowed to degenerate into savage glove-fights, in one of which a man was knocked senseless. Less boxing and more of pure assaults of skill with different weapons will make the entertainment attractive to the respectable portion of the audience. If the roughs keep away, so much the better.

Athletic Notes.

The Waverly Athletic Union was organized on December 12th, 1878 at 329 East Tenth street, New York City, with C. Leo Scharf in the chair. The following officers were elected for a term of three months: Captain, Joseph Ehard, Jr.; Vice-Captain, G. F. Goldsmith; Secretary, E. Meyer; Treasurer, W. Club; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Bronks.

The O'Leary and Campana walk is settled on at last. The men met in New York, December 12th, at the Brower House. They then drew up and signed the articles of agreement to govern the six days' walk. There was nothing of any special interest in the articles, as they merely covered the terms of the match as already printed. The party then went over to Gilmore's Garden, and Campana took a spin round the track, expressing himself highly pleased with the place selected for the match. They begin to walk Monday, December 23d, and are to keep going all Christmas week.

Rod and Gun.

Dr. Carver's Secret.

When a novice, by dint of careful practice from a rest, has become able to hit an inch spot on a white target every time at fifty feet, he can begin at moving objects.

Shooting from a standing position at a stationary mark is not to be recommended for young hunters. It gets the marksman into the bad habit of *dwelling too long on his aim* to make a better shot, and is fatal to success at moving objects. A sensible hunter, firing at a grazing deer, always takes a rest when he can, and only fires standing when his game is on the move.

When perfect accuracy is attained at small stationary objects, firing from a rest, it is time to begin at moving objects from a standing position. To do so it is well to procure at a gunsmith's a "ringing ball" of bell metal. These balls are made the same size as the glass balls used by Bogardus and others in trap-shooting. They cost from two to five dollars, but are economical in the end, as one of them will last almost any time, with reasonable care.

If the marksman is alone, he can suspend this ball by a wire in front of his target, set it to swinging, and fire at it while in motion. Every time it is struck, it gives a decided ring, just as reliable as the breaking of a glass ball. A novice should begin with one of these ringing balls at ten feet. It will probably take him at least a hundred shots before he hits it, and therefore saving of ammunition becomes a serious consideration of expense.

If the marksman can afford to get a .22 calibre rifle in addition to his regular hunting rifle he will find it an advantage in this practice, as the ammunition costs about one-third of that which he uses in the larger gun. The sighting should be exactly the same. It is harder to hit a small object with a .22 calibre bullet than with one of .40 calibre, therefore the change from the small bore to the large one will make the shooting easier, when you practice at game. After once you have acquired the knack of hitting a swinging ball at ten feet, it will be found easier to go back to the longer stages up to fifty or seventy-five feet.

After becoming perfect at the swinging ball, take an assistant with you, and let him throw the ball in the air while you try to hit it. A much shorter practice will make you perfect in this branch of shooting. When you can hit the ball at will with the .22 calibre rifle, you need not fear but you will be able to repeat the feat with the .40 calibre, without wasting ammunition.

These practices and others like them are the whole secret of the wonderful feats of Dr. Carver, and he himself assures us that they may be imitated by any person with good eyesight and steady nerves. Practice, to educate eye and muscle to act together, is the sole means of obtaining success.

Glass Ball Shooting.

The Shrewsbury Gun Club, of Red Bank, met Dec. 10th, in the driving rain storm, and shot off their regular semi-monthly contest for the club badge. For this there were eight competitors, at fifteen balls; Parker trap; ties shot off at five balls each. The badge was won by Mr. John B. Bergen. A pretty trifle in the shape of an ornamental leather badge, is given to the member making the lowest score. Mr. Davis won this trophy. The following was

THE SCORE.

		Broken.
George H. Wilds....	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1	12
Henry C. White ...	0 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0	9
Charles Sulwell.	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0	7
Dr. G. F. Marsden..	0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1	8
Tenbrook Davis ...	0 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 1	6
John B. Bergen.....	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0	12
Tabor Parker	1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1	10
S. W. Morford	1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1	11
THE TIE SHOT OFF.		
John B. Bergen.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0	12
George H. Wilds....	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0	11

Long-Range Marksmanship.

In the practice-shooting of the Columbia Rifle Association, Dec. 13th, at their grounds, Washington, D. C., the following scores were made, on a gray cloudy day, with a wind varying from right to left:

Yards.	COLONEL J. O. P. BURNSIDE.	Totals.
800..........	5 5 5 4 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—72
900..........	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—75
1,000....	5 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 3	—68—215
	J. M. T. PARTELLO.	
800	5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5	—72
900..........	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	—74
1,000..........	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 3 5 4	—71—217

The Columbia Rifle Association is one of the youngest in the country, but it has already produced some of the most brilliant marksmen ever seen. These scores are a sample of what almost every member of the American team will do next year. The total possible which the two gentlemen above-named could have made was only 450, and out of this they rolled up 432, or, in other words, 96 per cent. of what the score might have been had both made bull's-eyes at every shot.

Rod and Gun Notes.

The Excelsior Shooting Club, of Brooklyn, held a match, Dec. 12th, won by Mr. Henry A. Flembrand.

Messrs. Lambertson and Van Backle, of the Midway Gun Club, of Matawan, N. J., tied each other three times over in trials of ten shots each, for a valuable breech-loader offered by the club, Dec. 12th. The Midway Club has some of the best shots in New Jersey.

The New York Association for the Protection of Game met during the week in New York City, President Robert G. Roosevelt in the chair. A report of the work of the association brought out these facts: Last year it procured the passage of a law protecting the fish in the Great South Bay of Long Island. Two years ago, in consequence of the use of pound-nets, the fishing had so far deteriorated that it had been almost abandoned. The new law had been enforced with astonishing results. Last year it was not an unusual thing for one boat alone to take 250 blue-fish in a single day.

This association should be joined by every young sportsman who does not believe in exterminating our game and fish. To find particulars, address Hon. Robert G. Roosevelt, President N. Y. A. P. G., New York City.

Yachting and Rowing.

A Long Yacht Cruise.

A yacht thirty-two feet long and of three tons burden, has just arrived in Cleveland after an absence of more than two years, in which 5,083 miles were sailed. From Cleveland, in October, 1876, she went by way of the Ohio Canal and the Ohio river to Cincinnati, but at Moscow, twenty-eight miles above Cincinnati, she was frozen up in December, and went into winter quarters. The following spring and summer were consumed leisurely in the Ohio river, so that it was not till November that she entered the Mississippi. New Orleans was reached early in January, and there the party rested over a month. In February they passed into the Gulf and turned their prow eastward, shooting alligators for their amusement, and being driven ashore now and then in a gale. Two months were passed cruising in and around the bays of the Florida coast, exploring coves and inlets, studying immense sponge reefs and examining ancient Indian mounds along the shore. In June they turned the southern point of Florida and were in the Atlantic. Sailing northward, they were driven away from several ports in consequence of the quarantine regulations growing out of the yellow fever in the South. At Charleston they were admitted, and remained there four days. Fearing to round Cape Hatteras, they went through the Dismal Swamp canal. The captain relates that in this canal, surrounded as they were by the great swamp, they could at almost any time reach out with a pole and touch a snake. When the overhanging vegetation was brushed, as sometimes happened, by the boat, a snake was usually shaken onto the boat, from which it would glide swiftly into the water. The remainder of the voyage was inland. Proceeding up the Chesapeake Bay, the yacht passed up the Delaware and Hudson rivers and the Erie Canal to Buffalo, whence the voyagers sailed on the lake to Cleveland, where they arrived last Monday morning. The name of the yacht is the Okaresta, and the captain of it, F. W. Edmunds.

Cornell and Harvard.

It seems after all, that the rowing world was premature in concluding that Cornell and Harvard were to row next spring. As far as Cornell was concerned, that college sent a straight challenge to Harvard last month, but after waiting six weeks in vain, the secretary of Cornell's crew wrote again and received the following reply:

"Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 4th, 1878.

"Mr. Morse:

"Dear Sir—I have received your note of Nov. 20th and would ask pardon for the delay in not answering definitely the challenge, we received from you. Two or three days after the meeting in which it was voted to accept your challenge, circumstances arose that made it impossible for us to send a positive answer, and it was decided to pospone writing until we knew whether we could row. As yet I am sorry to say, matters are not clear, but we are very anxious to row and hope you will keep your crew in training. We will send a definite answer as soon as we can, which I hope will be within a week or two. Hoping the delay will be pardoned, I am very respectfully, yours,

"Frederick Allen, Secretary H. U. B. C."

Only two days later the following appeared in *The Crimson*, the Harvard College paper.

"It does not affect Yale and Harvard to be called cowards by Cornell and Columbia. All their talk will not make Harvard and Yale feel anything but that a race with Cornell and Columbia is a very secondary affair, and that their own annual race is, to them at least, the most important race they can row. With Columbia, Cornell and other colleges we have no quarrel, and the losing or winning of a race with them is a matter of almost perfect indifference, to this university at least. With Yale on the contrary, our yearly contest is of vital interest. When the R. A. A. C. was still alive the question each year was not, 'Who won?' but, 'Did we beat Yale?'"

Naturally this soothing little article produced its effect on Cornell, already impatient at the delay in answer, and Mr. Morse soon sent the last shot of the controversy in this wise:

"Ithaca, N. Y., Dec. 10th, 1878.

"Mr. Allen:

"Dear Sir—Your letter of December 4th has been received and duly considered. We regret that the nature of your reply makes it necessary for us to withdraw the challenge we have sent you. We—judging by the experience of former years, when we were kept in suspense for a long period, to our great detriment—consider no other course advisable.

"Therefore we consider ourselves justified, under the circumstances, in withdrawing the challenge, regretting that your action has made it necessary.

"Respectfully, yours,
"Ed. R. Morse, Secretary Cornell Navy."

This of course decides the question at the same time that it leaves Harvard in a very foolish position in the rowing world. Both Cornell and Columbia have beaten Harvard in times past, and Columbia has won a victory in England over the same course and against the same rivals by whom Harvard was decisively defeated eight years since. For Harvard to pretend to look down on such antagonists as "secondary," is in very questionable taste, and we hope that the *crimson* does not represent college opinion at Harvard. As the controversy stands, Cornell and Columbia will have no need to call any one "cowards." The world at large will judge both parties fairly.

Yachting and Rowing Notes.

Robert Watson Boyd is the latest English sculler of note. His backers want to row him against any man in the world for three miles.

William Spencer, of London, beat Charles Bullman in a race over the Thames Champion Course, on the 26th of November, by six lengths.

William Elliott, present English sculling champion, is at work training for his match against John Higgins, Feb. 17th, 1879. The winner will be game for our Hanlon.

Australian oarsmen were greatly excited over the race between Messenger, of Melbourne, and Laycock, of Sydney, rowed on the Paramalta river, September 14th. Laycock won. He stands six feet two inches, and weighs 180 pounds. Messenger was 21 pounds lighter.

Amateur Fancier.

Philadelphia Pigeon Flying.

Probably there is no city in the Union in which this sport has become so universal as Philadelphia. The Quaker City was never far behindhand in any sport. Did not her cricket club stand its own with the Australians? For several years she had her base-ball nine called "Champions." Now, is she going to show the white feather in this sport, not new, but new to Young America? She answers this herself: Take up the last Sunday papers and you will find records of several races, not only by professionals, but by amateurs. Boys have joined hands to make this pleasant sport more progressive, and at this time we have no less than four amateur pigeon clubs. To use the words of an old pigeon-fancier: "They all have the fever bad. Even old men, who have gone through the pigeon-fever eight or ten times, have it." I hope more Young Americans will waken up and "get it." S. N. L.

Bird-Taming.

It was all an incident to his benevolent disposition, not a premeditated design. It commenced when he was laying out the grounds of his little dell park. While at work upon the walks and flower beds, and turning up the fresh earth with his spade or rake, several of the little birds would come down from the trees and hop along after him a little distance, picking up the worms and insects. By walking gently and looking and speaking kindly when they were near, they came first to regard his approach without fear, then with confidence. They soon learned the sound of his voice and seemed to understand the meaning of his simple, set words of caressing. Little by little they ventured nearer and nearer, close to his rake and hoe, and fluttered and wrestled and twittered in the contest for a worm or fly, sometimes hopping upon the head of his rake in their excitement. Day by day they became more trustful and tame. They watched him in the morning from the trees near his door and followed him to his work. New birds joined the company daily, and they all acted as if he had no other interest in raking the ground than to find them a breakfast. As the number increased he began to carry crusts of bread in the great outside pocket of his coat, and to sprinkle a few crumbs for them on the ground. When his walks were all finished, and he used the spade and rake less frequently, the birds looked for their daily rations of crumbs, and would gather in the treetops in the morning and let him know with their begging voices that they were waiting for him. He called them to breakfast with a whistle, and they would come out of the thick green leaves of the grove and patter, twitter and flutter over his feet. Sometimes he would put a piece of bread between his lips, when a bright-eyed little thing would pick it out, like a humming-bird taking honey from a deep flower bell without alighting. They became his constant companions. As soon as he stepped from his door they were on the look-out to give him a merry welcome with their happy voices. They have come to know the sound of his step, his walks and recreations. Often when leaning upon his hoe or rake one of them will alight upon the head of it and turn up a bright eye at his face. Even before he gave up the practice of shooting birds of another feather one would sometimes hop upon the gilt guard of the lock and peer around upon the brass trigger with a look of wonder which he interpreted aright, and left off killing birds susceptible of the same training. He leaves his chamber window open at night, and when he awakes early in the morning he often finds a robin or goldfinch hopping about on the bed-posts or on the back of a chair close by, trying to say or sing in the best articulation of its speech, "It's time to get up; come and see the flowers; a dew of pearl is on their leaves and the sun is above the sea." And what is more beautiful still, and full of poetry, these birds follow him to the sanctuary on Sunday, a distance of more than a mile from his house, as a kind of aërial escort, singing their Sabbath psalms of gladness and praise on their way. When the indoor service is ended they meet him on his return and escort him home with a new set of hymns.—*Elihu Burrit.*

Mating Canaries.

Canaries should never be allowed to mate oftener than twice in any one year. Some will raise as many as four litters, if not prevented; but a third mating is always injurious, and often brings on a disease which quite ruins the male bird as a singer. The canaries, while mating, should be fed on hard-boiled eggs and common oyster crackers, well soaked in boiled milk, but, of course, made cool before being fed to the birds. Hemp-seed should not be used, as it fattens the birds. A piece of raw beef, highly seasoned with cayenne (red) pepper, should be fed them as often as once in each week. The cage should not be moved if it can be avoided, and should hang in a darkened room.

All canaries, while mating, like privacy. When the eggs are hatched, feed the young birds on the yellow of hard-boiled eggs for two weeks, after that mix hard, dry crackers with egg and feed. Sometimes the hen canary begins to make her nest before the young birds are able to leave it. At such times put a new nest in the cage, and leave plenty of food for the new-comers, as the mother often leaves them uncared for. Bits of tissue paper cut in fine pieces should be thrown around the new nest, in order to prevent the hen from picking the old one to pieces. Cotton should not be used, as it is highly injurious to the feet of the canaries; they often get caught in it, and are quite frequently made cripples for life.

Cooking Game.

The Chicago *Field* gives excellent directions about cooking game, which we commend to our young sportsmen as correct:

"The best way to cook all game is to roast it; but if it must be baked, too hot an oven should be avoided. Don't cook too long—no kind of game should have the juices dried out of it. Wild ducks are improved by a wine—port—sauce. Snipe and woodcocks are cooked without drawing the trail—as the entrails are called—which is considered the most delicate portion. Quail and grouse require a nice bread sauce, and are not to be despised with cranberry or red currant jelly, and the latter lends greatly to the appreciation of rabbit and venison. Rabbit stewed with a little bacon and lemon-peel and made into pie is no mean cold dish.

A Famous Fire-Horse.

At the latter part of the spring of 1864 "Our Bruce" was born. He began to show signs of a promising hunter of over sixteen hands, and in due course commenced his training for the chase. At five years old he had grown to a beautiful animal, very docile and tractable—his mottled gray coat the pride of groom and the admiration of his master. "Our Bruce" in the hunting-field once stumbled, and in consequence lost the confidence of his master, who disposed of him to the Manchester Carriage Company. In the early part of the year 1870 he was sold by the Carriage Company to the Manchester Corporation for the fire-engine department, and commenced his duties on the 24th of March. His general appearance and kind, tractable, willing ways were soon noticed by the firemen, and in less than a month after he joined the brigade he was the favorite of the whole establishment, having pretty well the free run of the yard, in which he caused much diversion by his singular and funny ways. He was always full of innocent mischief, and one of his greatest delights was to chase the men about the yard. It sometimes happened that he was let out for a gambol when the children were playing; and on such occasions it was most interesting to notice how careful he was in not going too near them; at other times, when the engines were in the yard he seemed not to forget his early training as a hunter, and would amuse himself by jumping over the poles. When tired, he would lift the latch of the door and go into the stable; and just as easily, after a rest, when the stable-door was closed, he would let himself out again, or knock loudly at the door to attract attention. Near the stable-door there is a water-tub with a revolving handle. "Our Bruce" would turn the handle with ease, and help himself to a drink. It sometimes happened that a hose-pipe would be attached to the tap; this would not cause him the least inconvenience; in such a case, after turning on the tap, he would lift up the end of the hose-pipe with his teeth, and hold the end in his mouth until he had satisfied his thirst. Many curious anecdotes could be told about our pet; how, on one occasion, he picked up the end of the hose and wetted one of the firemen who had offended him; how at a fire he would stand amidst the greatest noise and excitement and showers of sparks falling around him and on his beautiful coat, only to be shaken off, and at other times completely enveloped in smoke; but there was no shying or fretting under fire or smoke with "Our Bruce;" he seemed to know that he had brought those who would fight that ruthless tyrant, fire, and he stood proud and confident that before long he would return home with the victors, when, after being refreshed and groomed, he would again be ready (always first) for the "next turn-out." For nearly six years "Our Bruce" never missed going with the first machine, at the end of which time he was, in consequence of his fine appearance and our desire to give him a less active duty in his old age, transferred from the fire-engine to the police-patrol duty. We did not altogether lose our faithful animal's services, for one of his duties was to attend fires with the mounted police sergeant (whose name is also Bruce) to keep back the on-lookers, which he most effectually did for nearly two years, during which time he was a great favorite with the policemen, rarely leaving the police-station without an apple, piece of bread, or some mark of affection. On the 17th ultimo, "Our Bruce" fell sick; the veterinary surgeon was sent for, who pronounced him suffering from inflammation of the bowels. The usual remedies were applied, and everything was done to relieve his pain and make him comfortable, but to no avail. For three days afterward he was never left alone for a moment, night or day, and at the end of the third day he drew his last breath, surrounded by those who loved him well, and who had been taken by him to the scene of many a hard fight. A post-mortem examination was held the following morning to ascertain the cause of his death. A stone six inches in diameter, weighing five pounds and eleven ounces, was taken from his bowels; this was, no doubt, the principal cause of the disease which led to the death of the fire-horse, "Our Bruce."—*San Francisco Fireman.*

UNDER THE MYSTIC MOONLIGHT.

Under the mystic moonlight, under the starlit sky,
Surrounded by dreamy silence we stood by the open gate,
Conversing of past friendship, of our parting that was nigh,
Wondering when we parted what would be our fate.

Wondering if our lives would again be ever gay;
Vowing that through absence our friendship should remain;
Thinking of the future, on some far distant day,
Fearing in that future we might never meet again.

Under the mystic moonlight, with hearts and eyes aglow,
Under its dreamy shadows enshrined in a silver sheen,
We stood by the outer gate, and with voices soft and low,
Talked of the painful parting that soon must come between.

* * * * * * *

The soft light mantled round us, like a pure and holy dream;
And the shadows took strange shapes, as of fairies flitting near;
But the moonbeams in their brightness, threw a soft and lucent stream
Of joyous silvery splendor on the face I held so dear.

Standing thus and thinking of my love that still was shrinking,
With the dread of a betrayal that would sound its own death-knell,
My heart sunk low in sadness, as I thought of all the gladness,
That a word would give my life—one word that she might tell.

For I feared my hopes were groundless, though I knew my love was boundless
As the ocean, when it surges on in wild resistless power!
And I could not speak the parting, for my heart was keenly smarting
With the thought of being from her for an hour—for an hour.

As the moonbeams softly bound her, weaving silver chains around her,
I told her of the love that was calling for its own—
Of my heart's lone silent prayer, that was with her everywhere,
That she might be ever happy, and but joy to her be known.

And I waited then in pain, in fear that it was vain—
In fear that the light of all my life would be gone;
When a bright star twinkling o'er us, pointed to one path before us;
And she softly spoke the answer: "I am yours—yours alone!"

* * * * * * *

Once more in the mystic moonlight, under a starlit sky,
With the beams benignly smiling, we stood by the outer gate,
Conversing of our future, a future that was nigh,
A golden day before us, and no parting for our fate.

Spur and Saddle;

OR,

LIFE ON A CATTLE RANCH.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

No. VI.—Chasing the Prong-horns.

A week or two passed quietly away after the *rodea* was brought to a successful conclusion, during which Arthur and Ross Duncan faithfully carried out their resolve of learning the every day routine of life upon a stock-farm. These little details were interesting enough to live through, possessing as they did all the charms of novelty, but the reader would find a literal record rather dull reading.

Enough that the brothers familiarized themselves with the Mexican saddle and bridle, and, through persistence, gained their "riding breeches." That is, they could ride from morn till dawn without especial fatigue, or flinching whenever they sat upon the hard benches around the supper table.

Cousin Walt was an oracle to them, save on one point. When he spoke of catching the swift-footed antelopes, or prong-horns, by means of horses and hounds, they scouted at the idea. They had read too much to swallow such a marvel. The wind itself could not keep pace with the "goats."

"You will learn your mistake, some day," was the quiet reply. "You will see dogs pull down a prong-horn, and, if you like, I will take one alive with the lariat."

As a natural consequence, this wordy but amicable dispute, resulted in an expedition the main object of which was to forever settle the contested question.

The day had not yet dawned, when the little cavalcade of five persons rode away from the ranch. Pedrillo, the *buckaro*, and a lithe, wiry half-breed bore the cousins company.

Hard at their heels followed half a dozen dogs, four of them being pure-blooded gray-hounds, the others being Irish stag-hounds, of fair blood and appearance, though the critical eye might detect a far-away cross of the fox hound, especially about the head.

They were well trained and under thorough command. At frequent intervals a jack-rabbit would be kicked out of its form by some one of the dancing, prancing horses, and dart away after its own peculiar fashion, making huge leaps, its legs as straight and unbending as though jointless, its nose thrust out and long ears lying flat along its shoulders. Then it would come to an abrupt halt, several hundred yards away, and its huge, black-tipped ears would pop up above the grass in a listening attitude. The dogs would whine appealingly and look up into the face of their young master, but the asked-for word did not come, and their heads would droop as they trotted silently along.

The fates seemed adverse to the hopes of the hunters during the first part of the day, for not a prong-horn was sighted, though usually so plenty. To and fro, quartering the prairie, paying a visit to every hollow and "draw," the young ranchero led the way, resolved to "find," though he searched till dark.

Reaching a depression in the soil, around which upon every hand rose the prairie swells, the party divided and each one rode toward a chosen point, to view the land beyond. Pedrillo was the successful one, and the boys saw him bend low in the saddle and hastily retreat down the hillside. That was enough. They knew that the long-sought-for game was found, and eagerly flocked together.

"A dozen goats, señor," said the *buckaro*, his dark eyes glowing. "You can send the dogs over, and we can see the chase without any trouble."

Walt sprung from his saddle and directed the half-breed to put the stag-hounds in leash. When this was done, he motioned the gray-hounds to follow, and with them at his heels, he glided up the slope, sinking low as he approached the summit, until he was completely hidden in the tall grass.

Presently his hand was visible, motioning the others to advance, but ere they reached his position, he arose to his feet with a clear ringing yell.

A moment later the party were brought together upon the ridge, gazing eagerly at the chase, which swept along the side of the slope.

"I wanted you to see the start," said Walt, "but the goats took the alarm, and so I had to send the dogs in."

"They're gone—out of sight!" cried Arthur, greatly excited by the momentary glimpse of the chase, so swift, yet so smooth and graceful. "Come on—"

"Cool and easy, boy," laughed Walt, though he mounted as he spoke. "You'll see all you want, right from here. Didn't I tell you so?"

Even as he spoke, the antelopes appeared in view, over half a mile away, upon the ridge, and sped on, the gray-hounds barely fifty yards behind them, keeping upon the highest ground, as though bent on regaining the spot from whence they started.

The antelope is a slave to one habit that is frequently taken advantage of, to its sorrow. That is, like the hare and jack-rabbit, it will frequently double upon itself whenever it is chased. It will do this when upon a perfectly level plain with a clear course before it. A hound that is well broken to the chase will take advantage of this, by taking a "short cut," and antelopes are not unfrequently killed by dogs far their inferior both in speed and bottom.

Another habit is no less disastrous, where the ground is not a dead-level. The prong-horn will invariably keep to the highest ground, as though they wished to guard against running into a trap. Nor was this case an exception to the general rule. Straight around the edge of the vast basin sped the graceful creatures, but swift though they were, they barely held their vantage ground against the long, gaunt gray-hounds.

"Down the hill!" cried Walt, setting the example. "If we head them off here, they'll cut across to the next ridge."

THE RIVAL MONARCHS.

The antelopes paid no attention to the horsemen, but flashed past the spot so recently occupied and began their second circuit of the basin. The entire chase was viewed by the brothers with thrilling enthusiasm. Never before had they seen a sight like it.

But Walt was determined to bring the affair to an end before the gray-hounds were quite knocked up, and taking his lasso, he bade the half-breed follow him with the stag-hounds still in leash. Keeping well covered by the rank grass, he crept up to the ridge, and there lay in wait for the oncoming chase.

That was not long, though the prong-horns ran slower and with less elasticity than at first. Unsuspecting the ambush, they drew within range of the lasso. With a shout as warning to the half-breed to let slip his hounds, the young ranchero sprung up and made his cast.

His aim was true, and he jerked the leader to the ground. The others crowded together in bewildered surprise. The next instant they were assailed from front and rear, and each hound claimed its victim, dragging it to the ground with as much apparent ease as a cat masters a mouse.

The four survivors, losing all instinct in that terrible moment, darted down the slope almost directly for the little party of horsemen, whose rifles and pistols rung out sharply and added to the slaughter. But one of that fated herd escaped with life, three falling to lead, one to the lasso, and six beneath the jaws of the hounds.

"Will you believe my story, now?" laughed Walt, when the party once more came together. "I admit that such a wholesale haul is a rare occurrence, but with good dogs you can take an antelope or two any day, by putting in fresh hounds when the first are tired out."

"We'll admit anything and believe everything. But how are we going to get all these home?"

"We *could* carry them, but as we're a dozen miles from the ranch, I move we send back for a wagon, while we go into camp over on the creek. There's plenty of fish, and I've got hooks."

"But Mr. Jones spoke for the dogs for to-morrow."

"They can go, too. We'll not need them. How is it?"

"Just as you say; I'd like to camp out, for one."

"And I," promptly put in Ross.

"That settles it, then. The creek is less than two miles from here. We'll clean the goats, and carry them over there. Pedrillo and Marco can take the dogs home, and fetch out a team early in the morning."

So it was settled. Walter, Pedrillo and the half-breed quickly disemboweled the antelopes, and stuffed the hollows full of green grass. Then, tied two and two, by the legs, the carcasses were hung upon the horses and the party struck over the ridge for the creek; the winding course of which was clearly indicated by the dark fringe of timber and undergrowth along its banks.

This reached, and a neat little glade selected as the camping ground, the antelopes were hung upon low branches out of the way. Then the *buckaro* and Marco, with the hounds, took their departure, the former calling out, significantly:

"Remember, señor, what we heard about the horse-thieves. Those three horses would be worth running some risk for."

"They will get more lead than horse-flesh, if the dogs pay us a visit," laughed the young ranchero. "Come, boys, let's rig up a shanty. The nights are too cold now to sleep without some cover."

The Rival Monarchs.

If the grizzly bear is monarch of the mountain, the buffalo (American bison) is master of the plain. Over all the vast regions, stretching from the Saskatchewan on the north to the pampas of Texas, there is no beast so lordly as the bison, but in the vast mountain ranges that rib and battlement the plains, the bear is alone king.

It is not often these two types of animal power meet in their native wilds; but, as the "foot-hills" of the Rocky Mountains run out into the plains, and the cross-ranges of the Black Hills, and several other chains, cut the great buffalo grounds, and thus compel the herds to wind up, over, through and around the mountains and their valleys, the powerful bull who pioneers the way is sometimes compelled to confront the shaggy monster whose domain he has invaded. Then a battle royal is sure to be fought. The bull is terrible in his ire. The very sight of a bear infuriates him, and the bear, almost equally angered, refuses to fly or advance, but, with savage ferocity, prepares to defend himself, ready to die, as he surely will, rather than run.

A hunter, who had passed many years among the Wind River range and along the head-waters of the Yellowstone, and who had slain innumerable buffalo and many bear, stated that he had witnessed two encounters between these natural enemies—one of which he thus described:

"The herd of buffler war makin' fer the pass to git over into the valley of the North Fork. The king bull war on the lead, in course, and ahind him tramped six or eight other bulls, and then come the cows and young 'uns. I war goin' to try to head 'em back, but afore I got ready to ride in I heard an orful bellar an' roar which I knew meant big mad at somethin'. I couldn't see, but purty soon a whoppin' great griz come waddlin' out'n the brush, an' got up on his hunkies quicker'n a rat-squeak, an' then he talked right out in a growl that war double-bass to that bull's song. And then the old cuss pawed the ground like a Digger fer jist one square minit, while Old Griz slapped his fists around in the air, as if to get his hands in fightin' order, an' opened his ugly jaws fer the white foam ov his anger to run out. Thet war enough. The buffler couldn't stand any more. He down head—up tail—and in about ten jumps struck Old Eph right in his equator an' doubled him up like a blanket on a stump in a wind-storm; but not until he had give Old Shaghead a lick on the snout that made the red fly; and if the b'ar felt sick in his stomach, the bull fur a full minit stood as if he didn't know which eend ov him war his head an' which his tail; but, purty soon he got his wits reg'lated an' on he come ag'in, an' Eph war jist h'isted right off'n the ground an' sent flyin' over the buffler, clean into the air, an' I see'd the entrails a-flyin' arter him; the bull hed took revenge fer that slap on his nose; he'd jist ripped thet b'ar open to the shoulders.

"I war so proud ov that exploit thet I hadn't the heart fer to give thet old king buffler a shot. No, sir! I warn't mean enough fer thet. The other bulls jist kept out'n the way; they knew better'n to mix in thet fight, so stood back an' looked on to see the Boss manage the job. Ef they'd mixed in he'd 'a' made them sick mighty quick.

"When it war over the whole herd went trampin' by, an' when the last on 'em had passed, I come down fer to skin ther grizzly, but, blame me ef the hoofs ov the herd hadn't jist tramped thet b'ar so out'n shape thet his pelt warn't wuth a cent. He war an old Samson, I tell yer—not less'n six foot from tail to snout, an' must 'a' weighed a clean six hundred pounds, thet old Shaghead had tossed up like a bolster."

Dining with Queen Victoria.

The guests assemble in the drawing-room and there await Her Majesty's entrance. There is no regular announcement made, but they are generally notified of the approach of the sovereign lady, and all form themselves into a crescent to receive her. She does not greet each by offering her hand, but usually extends her hand to the ladies present. She is always accompanied by her daughter. When the guest of the day is not of royal blood the arrangements as to precedence are generally privately arranged.

The guest of the day, however, sits on Her Majesty's right hand and the royal family on the left. At the table there are always three servants to every six guests; one to place the plates and the others to fetch the eatables.

Her Majesty eats at state dinner without gloves, and when she finishes every one is expected to stop immediately. When the meal is over the Queen leaves the room first and is followed by the rest of the guests.

Humor Graphics.

Our grandfather's ticker
Was too big for his vest,
So he wore it in his duster tail pocket;
And one day goin' to town
In that farm wagon of our'n,
The jouncin' of the vehicle bruck it.
All of a sudden his big hand
Under his duster tail he ran,
As his eyes and his mouth he opened wide,
But it had stopped short,
Never to tick again,
And the old man cried.

Natural History.

"Is this a pig?"

"Yes, this is a pig."

"What is a hog?"

"A hog spits all over the floor of a street car; he also wants the stamp-clerk at the post-office to wait on him first. That's the way you can tell a hog from a pig."

"Does a pig root with his feet."

"No—he roots with his nose. A pig's nose is called a snout. A cheerful-minded pig will turn over more ground in search of one small potato than the average boy would dig up in hunting for a gold watch."

"What gait does the pig take?"

"He likes an open gate the best."

"Is a pig as intelligent as a dog?"

"More so about some things. A dog most always jumps over a fence, straining his muscles and running the risk of breaking his back, while a pig dives under it and runs no risk. A pig can tell a hill of potatoes from a hill of cucumbers but a dog can't. You lead a dog, but the pig will lead you."

"Can a pig see in the night?"

"He can see by night as well as by day. In driving one out of the garden he won't appear to see the hole he came in at, but he does see it all the time."

"Why is it that two pigs eating at a trough six feet long, will still crowd each other?"

"We will answer that when you explain why it is that every one in the crowd around a fallen horse wants to boss the job of getting the animal up."

"Do pigs have eyebrows?"

"Yes, until old enough to root; then they wear 'em off against fence rails."

"Are there pigs of lead?"

"Yes, but you can't find any one who ever led a pig."

"What food do pigs prefer?"

"Well, quail on toast is their first choice, but when they can't get it they will take up with grass, frozen potatoes, moldy-corn, or apple-cores. He never goes hungry because the hired girl happens to grind up pepper with the coffee."

"The cackling of geese, you said once, saved Rome. Did the grunting of pigs ever save anything?"

"Not that we know of, but a pig's heels have often saved his bacon."

"Do pigs ever attack children?"

"Once in a great while. If a pig had gone into politics and got beaten, and other pigs were shoving him around and calling him an idiot and so forth, he might be tempted to bite a small boy who was sticking kernels of corn on a cast-iron cob to deceive him and break off his teeth."

"Can pigs climb?"

"Yes. Let four or five dogs get after one small pig and he'll climb for all he's worth. He may not go up a tree, but it will be because he hasn't time to stop."—*Free Press.*

Backwoods Courting.

HOW PROPOSALS ARE MADE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

He sat on the side of the room in a big white oak rocking-chair. A long-eared deer-hound snapping at flies was by his side; a basket of sewing by hers. Both rocked incessantly—that is, the young people—not the dog and basket. He sighs heavily, and looks out of the west window at a crape myrtle tree; she sighs lightly, and gazes out of the east window—at a turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."

"'Tis that—if we only had any to pick."

The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?"

"Coony."

Another sigh-broken stillness.

"What is he good fur?"

"What is who good fur?" said she, abstractedly.

"Your dog, Coony."

"Fur ketchin' 'possums."

Silence of half an hour.

"He looks like a deer dog."

"Who looks like a deer dog?"

"Coony."

"He is—but he's kinder bellowed, and gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt; it was a gorgeous affair; that quilt was made by the pattern called "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilts, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern with a "real purty name."

"Your ma raisin' many chickens?"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow, after a while the big rocking-chair and the little rocking-chair were jammed side by side.

I don't know how it happened. It may have been caused by some peculiarity in the floor, or by the natural magnetic attraction one chair had for the other; but strange to say the basket of work had followed the little chair, and the little chair had traveled as fast as the big one. Coony had not moved. He lay in the same place sonnd asleep, and he was talking in his sleep, that is, giving faint, irregular barks at the possums he beheld in his dreams.

After a while the conversation was resumed.

"How many has your ma got?"

"How many what?"

"Chickens."

"Nigh onto a hundred."

Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes:

"Makin' quilts?"

"Yes," she replies, brightening up. "I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagul of Brazeel,' a 'Sittin' Sun' and a 'Nation's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose on the Parary?'"

"No."

More silence, then he says:

"Do you like cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it: at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then, after a half-hour spent in sighing, coughing and clearing of throats, he suddenly says:

"I've a great mind to bite you."

"What you great a-mind to bite me fur?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now I ax you."

"Then, now I has you."

Then the next day, the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday the following week. No cards.